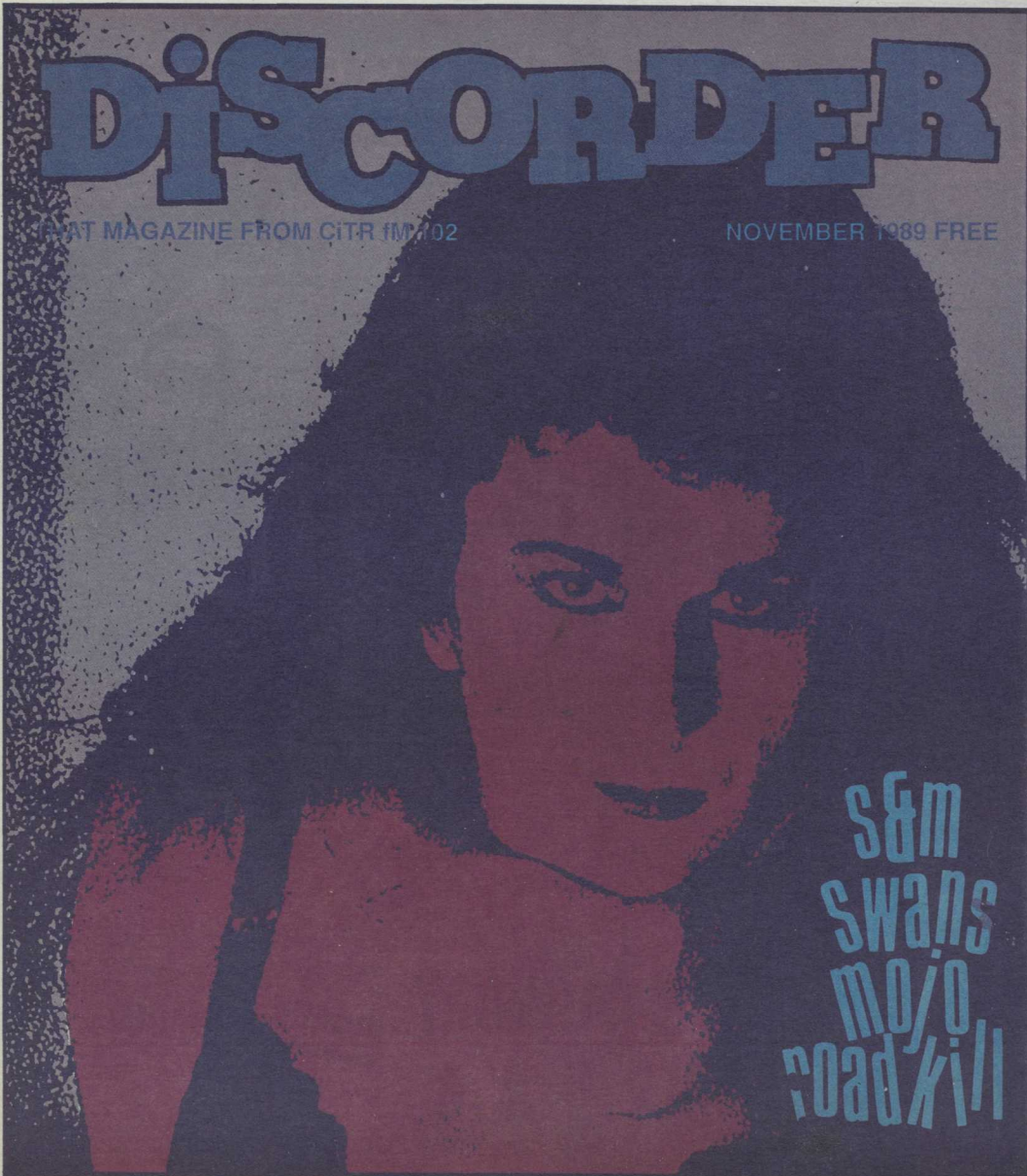


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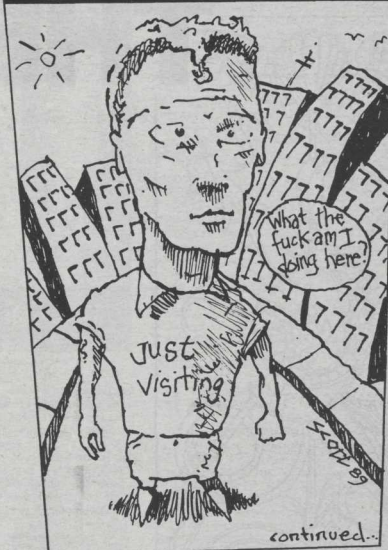
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"DISORDER magazine: the DISORDER of magazines" - Killough. Disorder wants your stuff: send in stories, drawings, comics, money, photos or what have you. If we like 'em, we'll use 'em. If we don't, we'll love 'em. Deadline for submissions and ad bookings is the 15th of the previous month.

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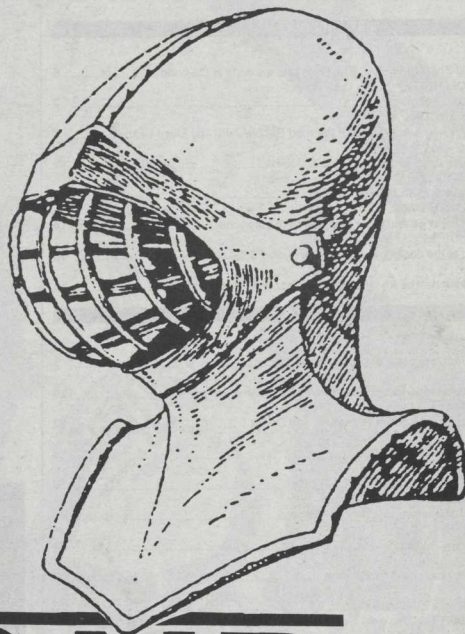
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DAMAGE POLYGRAM?

Dear Airhead,
While I'm sympathetic towards CTR's boycott of Polygram, I'm puzzled as to why that boycott extends to the advertising of concerts by Polygram artists. While your actions are ostensibly intended to damage Polygram financially (and make them see the error of their ways), have you stopped to consider who you're really hurting here? I mean, how much money is Polygram going to make off the Pixies concert? I know little about record company contracts, but I suspect that the companies get dick all from concerts.

So Polygram isn't negatively affected by your refusal to advertise the Pixies show, but who is? Obviously the Pixies, whose only crime is to be distributed by Polygram in Canada. Additionally, their opening act, Bob Mould, is hurt, and he isn't even remotely connected to Polygram.

So you're carrying out a symbolically empty action that does nothing to further your goals. Why? I'll still be pondering it when I'm enjoying the Pixies show.

Yours truly,
Larry Dudock

The boycott of Polygram Inc. extends to all areas of possible CTR-Polygram interaction — on-air interviews, record airplay, Disorder interviews, concert presentations, Disorder advertising et cetera. The intent is to eliminate all CTR associated avenues of promotion and publicity for Polygram artists. Yes, ostensibly the boycott is meant to financially damage Polygram Inc.,

yet CTR and Disorder have no delusions regarding the negative economic effect of the boycott upon a multi-national like Polygram Inc.

The purpose of the boycott is to convince Polygram Inc. to remove its record servicing fee. Of course, by boycotting Polygram Inc. we may hurt the individual artists as well as, and possibly even more than, Polygram itself, since the artist is more dependent upon its records sales and concert revenue than Polygram Inc. However, any publicity that aids a Polygram artist necessarily benefits Polygram Inc. Artists tour in order to promote a record, to make themselves and their music better known, and thereby, sell records. And record sales do increase when an artist plays a concert. So, in fact, advertising a Polygram artist's concert does generate revenue for Polygram Inc.

Yes, the Pixies may be adversely affected (although the show will probably do very well based upon the Pixies' popularity), but all Polygram artists suffer because of the boycott. We regret any injury to individual artists, but Polygram Inc. and its acts are inextricably linked, essentially, they are one in the same.

Also, we hope that concert promoters, who can not utilize the promotion avenues of a CTR presentation or Disorder advertising because of the boycott, will put pressure on Polygram Inc. to drop the servicing fee.

The strength of the boycott depends upon the unity of the National Campus/Community Radio Association members, and the all-encompassing nature of the boycott.

หยา
AIRHEAD
c/o 6138 SUB Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5
นักเขวราช จักกั

One station can not accomplish much but twenty-eight might be able to succeed, and to compromise on advertising would be inconsistent, which would weaken the boycott.

With the recent agreement to acquire A&M, Bob Mould's label, by Polygram Inc., Mould is now more than remotely connected with that company. And finally, at press time, the achievement of the boycott's goals appeared to be in the offing so by the time you read this the whole thing could have been resolved.

KELOWNA #1

Dear Airhead,
Please twist my rubber arm and renew my subscription (start with Issue #80). Thank Robynn from the dregs of my heart for her kooky illustrations.

Please enlist more of the services of ex-New Reality Comix alumni like Bill 'Otto' Thompson, 'Den' Lebel, Colin Upton, Steve Geary, Peter Raymond Haskell, et al.

Colin Robbins
Kelowna, B.C.

Den Lebel has an installment of his Cyberloona comic in this issue (p. 30). Also, we have three new ongoing comics beginning this month: Scott Fearnley's Earth Boy (p. 3), Dancing on the Clouds by Marc Yull and Julian Lawrence (p. 17), and Geoff Coates' Roland the Happy Wanderer (p. 27). Thanks to all those who responded to our request for comics in the October issue. If anyone is still interested in contributing comic give us a call at (604) 228-3017 or send your submission to Disorder c/o CTR, 6138 SUB Blvd., University of B.C., V6T 2A5.

KELOWNA #2

Dear Airhead,
As an avid reader of your magazine (I've seen + read 1 copy - Sep/88) I am inquiring about the whereabouts of acquiring it in Kelowna. I've been to Vancouver millions of times in the past year, yet I haven't once found another copy. I got mine at a record store downtown last year, and since then have not had the luck of spotting it anywhere. "They're all gone" is the answer I kept getting, so any info about getting it in my hole would be grateful.

Thanks,
Tracy Jensen
Kelowna, B.C.

Well, Tracy, you can subscribe to Disorder and have "that magazine from CTR" delivered right to your person and avoid any injuries that could occur during the rush of the masses to pick up Disorder when it hits the streets. Or, you could risk life and limb and grab a copy of the mag in Kelowna at The Attic, located at 1530 Water St.

IT'S IN THE MAIL

Dear Airhead,
I just thought I'd like to complement your station on always giving me such listening satisfaction. I really enjoy Friday nights when you air the "Bopatron" show. It very "well put-together". I think you've done a great job at bringing your listeners the newest and oldest selections of "rap music" of the '80's. I was listening to your station one Thursday night, and I heard a show called "Eating Vomit". I believe, it was the best show I've ever experienced the thrill of listening to. I especially enjoyed how it was so "uncensored". I enjoyed it so drastically that I insisted on listening for it the following week. To my disappointment I realized that it was either cancelled or I could not tune it in properly. To prevent this from happening again, can you please send me a program, or pamphlet, scheduling the shows and times of each show. I would really be deeply delighted.

I will always admire your station and the variety of unique shows you provide me with.

Thank-you,
Miss Sandra Cross

No, thank you. Eating Vomit can still be heard on Thursday evenings from midnight until whenever in the morning. The complete listings for CTR's programming can be found each month in Disorder in On The Dial. Sandra because we like you so much, we will send you one free complimentary (sic) copy of the mag, which is available at over two hundred locations on the Lower Mainland and points beyond.

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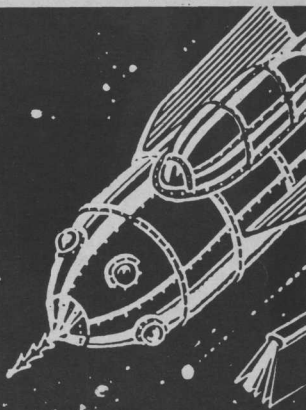
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SHINDIG

by Rob Boper



So, I was sitting at the Railway last Monday, waiting for my next big assignment from Mr. Ed. Where would he send me — Tibet, London, Saskatoon? I could hardly contain myself from getting up and dancing on my table, but since a band named GLEE was playing, throwing up was much more of a possibility than dancing. Then Mr. Ed walked in. I didn't actually see him enter the room, but I just knew. It's not so much a smell as it is an aura of someone looking for something to edit. He tried to pretend that he didn't know I was in the club, but I knew he knew. Mr. Ed was looking for me.

After speaking to everyone else in the bar, he had no choice but to come over to my table. I sent the babes away. He had something to say. I could sense he was stalling, that he had my next assignment, but was reluctant to tell me. I had a fear he was sending me to Saskatoon after all. Damn.

He approached my table with caution, not making eye contact, looking at the stage instead, watching GLEE. I knew it hurt him to do that. Listening to them was hard enough without actually seeing them. I began to think about what I would take to Saskatoon with me. I hate wheat fields. And I had lost me ski mask at the 7-11. At least I still had my ruler with inches marked on it. I didn't know how that would help me in 'Toon Town, but it was comforting to have the imperially scaled ruler anyway. You just never know when Tom Asnail would pop in (refer to last month's Polygram boycott article, Mr. Ed). Finally Mr. Ed sat down.

"So, The Bope, (that's what my close friends call me), what do you know about this Shindig thing?" He continued to watch GLEE. Whatever he was getting at sure had to be hurting him deep down inside 'cause GLEE sure weren't getting any better.

I took pity on him and grabbed him by his flowing locks, wrenching his eyes away from GLEE. I looked him straight in the eyes. "Look, Mr. Ed," I said, my voice wavering and cracking, much like the singer from GLEE, "if you've got an assignment for me then spit it out, but for god's sake quit looking at the band called GLEE! You're young, you have a future, kinda. Don't ruin your life now! Just give it to me straight, I can take it. But stop looking at them!"

Mr. Ed shut his eyes for a moment, muttered something to Mohammed and relaxed. I let go of his hair, wiped my hand on a towel from the bar, and bought him a beer. He spoke softly, "It's this Shindig thing, Bope. It's one of the biggest events of the year, but as soon as all the other writers heard that GLEE was playing, they all volunteered for assignments in Saskatoon. One even went to Regina! You're my last hope. I know it's not like the Polygram story last month or anything, but Bope, I need this article for the next issue or else the Evil President of CTR will revoke my membership at the station and slash the Disorder budget!"

I could see the fear on his face. Or maybe it was mustard from the hot dog he had for supper, I couldn't tell. At least he

wasn't sending me to Saskatoon. "For you, Mr. Ed, I'll do it." The colour returned to his face, and he took out his eraser, once again looking for something to edit. He would be okay. We both laughed, shared a beer, and talked about how much better the world would be if GLEE fell off a very high cliff. It was a very satisfying though. Unfortunately, they were still playing. I pulled a rather plump tomato out of my back pocket, the one that I had been saving for the Grapes of Wrath show. This would be much more satisfying. I hoped the singer wasn't wearing a can.

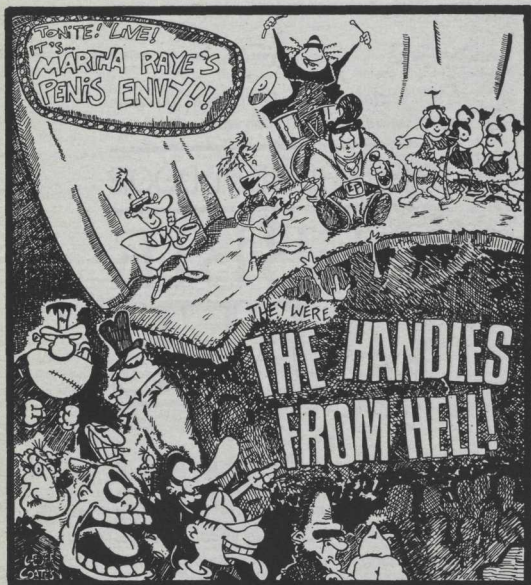
Yes, it's true. Back for yet another year, Shindig is already well underway. The premise of the event is as simple as any Arts 100 class. Seventeen of the best of the new local bands, (it would be eighteen, but GLEE were mistakenly allowed to enter) compete over a three month period. Every Monday three bands play at the Railway Club vying for fame, fortune, babes, hunks, beer, half-hearted applause, and highly coveted, expensive studio time.

The first semi-final, in which the winners of the three previous weeks face off against each other, took place on October 23. The second semi-final is scheduled for November 20th, and the third for November 27th. The three bands that eventually survive, (fortunately for us all GLEE finished dead last in their preliminary round — if only they had just finished dead), will compete on December 4th at the Town Pump in the world famous Shindig Finals. Prizes galore await these three bands. Three of the best studios in town have shown their support for the local band scene and CTR by donating major chunks of studio time as prizes. The band who, in the eyes of the esteemed panel of judges, is declared winner of this whole event will receive, in addition to the declared winner of this whole event will receive, in addition to the customary 8x10 of me, 36 hours of recording time supplied by the very cool folks at PROFILE STUDIOS. The first runner-up will be packing their bags and heading off to the friendly confines of MUSH-ROOM STUDIOS for 24 hours of noise making, taking along a 4x6 of my battle-scarred face. The third place finisher will spend 24 hours of their life visiting the keen people at FLUID STUDIOS and fighting over which one in the group will get the wallet-sized photo of my mom and I at Woodstock.

And there's more to Shindig than just cool local bands (except for GLEE). There is also the time honoured tradition of JOKES FOR BEER, (hey, I didn't name it, okay, I'm just an overworked journalist). Much as the name implies, you tell a joke, you may win a beer or two, depending upon what the highly intelligent and slightly inebriated patrons at the Railway decide. It's not a difficult concept, a bit tasteless at times, but still, not that difficult.

Fun and games abound at Shindig. Celebrities frequently grace the premises. People from all over the continent come to see and be seen. Or you can hide in the back of the Railway and toss some darts, especially if a band similar to GLEE ever play again, (but by playing darts you would have missed them call everyone at CTR "a bunch of c****s." Can't hear that on network television, can you?). Or stay up front and toss the darts at the band instead. And remember kids, it's all worth the price of admission — one bean if you are a member of the Railway Club (which costs just \$10 for an entire year), or only three dollars if you are signed in by a member. Much cheaper than paying \$7.25 to watch incredibly stupid Dentyne commercials at you local Cineplex. And better for you than staying at home and listening to any useless Polygram releases that you may have not yet thrown out.

So that's how this whole Shindig thing works. It's kinda like CTR's way of giving some fledgling bands some much needed publicity and stage experience, so hopefully they can go on to become famous and have CFOX present their shows. It's a goal only an elite few will achieve. We're just happy to do our part to make CFOX an even better station. That's what we're here for. And that's why Mr. Ed and I hang out at the Railway every Monday — to become a little bit cooler, a little bit hipper, and to see bands like GLEE.



Compiled by The Man Sherbet with Riff Randall

Vancouver's Rock Dynamos Bruno Gerussi's Medallion have turned up the burner for bands without a good name. When Shindig organizers screened tapes for this year's competition a trend in offensive monikers was discovered. The "Let's Slag A Vancouver Celeb" idea had gone too far. Bands were forced to change names or get out. Let's hope that out of respect for these established local talents this tendency just stops. Here's a list of bands whose names, though catchy, Shindig couldn't allow...

- Pat Burns' Flask
- Liz McKinney's Leather Toys
- Terry David Mulligan's Tweezers
- Jeani Read's Vibrator
- Linden Sole's Reptile Friends
- Gord Campbell's Reckless Driving
- David Foster's Utter Pusillanimity
- Laurier Lapierre's Naughty Spatula
- Vicki Gabereau's Whipping Boys
- Murray Pezim's Nitro Prescription
- Carole Taylor's Red Corset
- Art Bergmann's Unpaid Parking Tickets
- Harry Rankin's Secretions
- Stu Jeffries' Neon Retainer
- Bruce Allen's Electric Cattleprod
- John Turner's U.E.L. Burial Altar
- Marianne MacKenzie's Playgirl Subscription
- John Gray's Boil Trouble
- Tom Harrison's New Pigtales
- Tony Parsons' Contract With The Devil
- Larry And Willy's Dominatrix

However, Toronto references are permitted, and Michael Williams - A V.J. Goof will compete at this year's Shindig

- Jack Webster's Compost Heap
- Sandy Wilson's Exciting Life Story
- As Told With B.C. Taxpayer's Help
- Mike Winlaw's Last Gig
- Lily Vanderzalm's Tattoo
- Karen Campbell's Inexplicable Lumps
- Bill Good's Private Petting Zoo
- Svend Robinson's School Years
- Bryan Adams' Hot Wheels Collection
- Kerry Marshall's Curly Reds
- Mike Reno's Garage Sale
- Joe Shithead's Back Rent
- Michael J. Fox's Bastard Gypsy Children
- Denny Boyd's Urologist
- Doug Miller's Pet Sheep
- Pamela Martin's Wanton Desires
- Dave Abbott's Crazed Insomniac Alter Ego
- Harold Snepsts' Geraniums
- Nardwuar's Open Sores

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Debbie Jaffe
Master/Slave Relationship

Bebbie Jaffe is extremism personified. As Master/Slave Relationship, she alone is responsible for her creations - a grinding ebullient barrage of tense electronics and vocal accompaniment that melds eroticism and hedonism with brutality. Through her own label, Cause and Effect, MSR material has been made available to audiences across North America, Europe, and Japan. She has also assisted other performers who mostly rely on the cassette medium through the Cause and Effect. A regular fixture on Soup Stock...playlists, Jaffe recently completed an interview-by-mail with the printed form appearing here.

Many listeners (and readers) may be unfamiliar with Master/Slave Relationship, yet an outfit that Jaffe was involved with - Viscera - via several dozen compilations and a handful of their own cassette releases is a well known name to anyone interested in the American and International experimental electronic music scene. Would you care to tell us a bit about your musi-

cian background and your break from Viscera?

Before I worked with Mark McGee [guest on some of Jaffe's work as MSR - ed.], I did some strange minimal music with Mark's brother, Hal. Together we were, and still are, Viscera. Before that I was a member of a little-known group called Gabbie Ratchet. In GR I mostly

screamed while the others played nervous, mechanistic keyboards and rhythm boxes. If you go back even further, I played clarinet and bass clarinet in band at school. I'm a technically-trained musician but found it all too boring to pursue. In a way, MSR is an extension of Viscera. I started MSR because I wanted to try something new and so did Hal (who formed Dog. As

Master). I began recording *The Desire To Castrate Father* in late 1984 and it was released in March '85. Hal and I broke away from each other musically at some point due to changes in attitudes and interests. I'm a very demanding person and found more satisfaction in doing music myself...directing its outcome completely, by myself, with no one's intervention.

Does the name you chose - Master/Slave Relationship and all the sweaty images that go along with it - have any bearing on the themes you have decided to deal with or vice-versa?

No actually, because the first recordings I did really weren't all that explicit. They really didn't have that much to do with sex. They did in a broad sense, but I was more interested in not just the sexual aspects of the name but also the dualism - male/female...positive/negative. MSR reflects more what I'm doing now that it did then. 'Cause then I had a drummer and the music was a lot more rock oriented. From there it got to be a lot more noisy and I think that's where more of the S&M overtones came into it. I started doing more screaming and things like that...that people could connotate with being tied up or

tortured or whatever. I don't mean to imply that it doesn't have anything to do with sex because it does. My music has always been very emotional. That's been the bottom line to it and I've never picked out titles just to shock. That's never been my interest. If it were I could be a lot more shocking than I am. Everything I talk about - even the S&M and the bondage - those are all interests of mine. I wouldn't be able to write lyrics that weren't something that I cared a lot about and that's where the emotion comes in. I've just always been very emotional and I put it through on the music.

Last time we spoke, which was about a year ago, you mentioned putting together a visual package. Has that come together?

Yes, the video is done. We recorded enough material for two or three videos! It's somewhat simple and it's certainly not as explicit as it could be. It's a good introduction to MSR and I look at it that way. Just a good introduction. It's hot. It's erotic. It's S&M. It's mostly me in bondage. But I like it a lot, otherwise I wouldn't have released it. The next video will probably be a little more explicit. I'm not sure to what degree. I really

like the video medium. It's really a challenge to mix the music with the video. It's hard work, but it's fun. The music on this video is thirty minutes...thirty minutes of brand new music. I haven't recorded much music because I have been working on the video so hard. But there will be more new music coming up. I was hoping to release an album sometime soon but it probably will not be until the end of the year. It will also be released with a CD. There might also be some cassette releases. I got my studio upgraded a little bit which was a great boost to my inspiration to buy some new equipment, play around with it, get familiar with it. It's just really great to have brand new things to play with. So there will be more MSR music to come.

Any other MSR updates?

There are so many new things going on, I'm trying to think of them. We will be traveling quite a bit this year and next. When I say we, I mean Rick Darnell and myself. He and I live together and he's primarily responsible for the video itself...for the visual images. We both collaborated but he did the actual videotaping and he had a lot of input when it came to the

editing and things like that. We hope to sometime work on music together 'cause he does play guitar but we've just had so much else going on but we do hope to travel. We're going to New York City on October 20th - 23rd.

"I'm just this clean-cut girl. My biggest vice is sex and S&M and music and film and art in general."

The biggest reason for going at that time of the year is because in NYC, the Dressing for Pleasure Fashion Show will be going on and what that is, if you're not familiar with it, is people who are into leather and latex and rubber and really just about any kind of fetish wear will be there. There's a fashion show with people modelling new fashions. We were asked to model in this show but Rick modelled in it last year - they had him wear a pair of rubber pyjamas. They videotape it every year and it looks really interesting. It's a yearly event and it'll be the first I attend. I don't think I'll be modelling. I'd really like to but because Rick did last year he kinda wants to sit back and watch the proceedings rather than participate. And I can understand that. So that's what I'll be doing in New York.

At the end of November and through the tenth of December, we'll be in California - Los Angeles and San Francisco. Mostly that trip is to visit with friends, also musical contacts regarding MSR but I'm not going to perform. I'm just gonna go out there and talk to people, meet people, and have fun. I was considering the idea of getting pierced. I don't know if you know but I'm quite into piercing and have been for some time. I'm not sure if you're familiar with Jim Ward or the Gauntlet in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Jim Ward is a piercer. All he does is pierce people. He did do my labia piercings last year. I was thinking about getting my nipples pierced. My only res-

ervation is the fact that I'm going to be out in California and I want to have fun. And I don't want to be going around with my tits in pain. So, I don't know. I have been known to endure quite a lot of pain and sometimes I can

really stupid that people are so for violence even though they don't realize it, but they are so anti-sex and further they think that S&M is violent sexuality. I don't feel that's the case. I don't know what's so wrong about leather attire or high-heeled shoes or whips and all that. It is just "Oooh, so scary" for people. But to me there are a lot of everyday things that are more scary than a whip. It just depends on your viewpoint, I guess. But I have been at both ends of the whip and I like both ends. It has very much to do with the person you're involved with...you have to trust the person and you have to know what each other's limits are. I don't advocate beating the shit out of somebody. It's just that there is something involved in pain and everyone's pain threshold is different, but there is something in just the feeling of pain...it's a sensation...a very intense sensation...and if the person giving the pain knows how to do it right and builds up...at least for me, I need a build up, it can be very effective and very intense and very enjoyable. I suppose it would be interesting also for me to tell you that I don't smoke and I don't drink, I don't take drugs, and I don't even drink caffeine. I find it interesting personally because I am so into S&M which is such a taboo and is so bad supposedly but yet, basically, I'm so clean-cut, you know (laughs). I'm just this clean-cut girl. My biggest vice is sex and S&M and music and film and art in general. But it's just interesting to me that I just don't do any of those quote "normal" things that people do and yet it's so bad to be into S&M. I do hope that attitudes change in American and the whole world for that matter. I hope that people calm down. But it doesn't look like it's going to happen.

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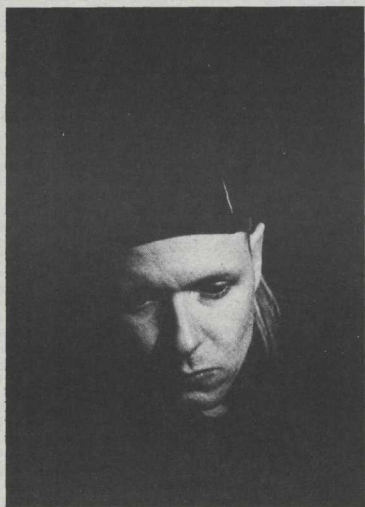
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swans

"Why is it that my Father was God, and yet, I am not Jesus?"

Michael Gira (pronounced "Jerah")

by Jean-Jacques Derrida

YOUR MISSION: To infiltrate the Town Pump on October 11th and interrogate the head man of the SWANS, Michael Gira, in order to determine if they are involved in any covert operations designed to instill despair, anxiety, and morbidity in today's young people via [the Swans'] music.

THE ENEMY: Michael Gira, singer/guitarist: leader of the band, long blond hair which hides his shifty eyes. Jarboe, singer/keyboards: only female in the band, blond wig hides possible lobotomy scars. Norman Westburg, lead guitarist: cannot place him in any government records. There are three other bit players, but they definitely are not responsible for the Swans' music and/or subliminal messages.

BE AWARE: Michael Gira will throw at you various one-liners in an attempt to confuse and

frighten you. Further, he will only reply with three word answers such as, "Of course not", unless you are able to trick or flog him into revealing himself and his thoughts.

YOUR WEAPONS: Your only protection will be your faith in God, free enterprise, and a woman's right to be inferior. Oops, those are the premier's weapons. You have at your disposal only one tape recorder and your blissful ignorance.

IF CAUGHT: Deny any knowledge of CTR or Disorder. Tell them you are the Lifestyles editor from the SUN.

THE REPORT

Appearing on the New York scene in 1982, the Swans have become indie favorites on both the American and European continents because of their sty-

listically discomforting wave of dirge and emotions which they pump out unrelentingly. Unrelentingly, that is, until 1989's "The Burning World" lp, their first record on a major label, and their present seven month tour of the world (including a 10-day trip to Japan). Michael Gira's discovery of melody and delicacy in an otherwise towering Wall of Sound has changed the Swans' approach to sound, music, and life. But getting Gira to speak about this change, or anything for that matter, was a difficult and tortuous task. I was, however, determined to discover if the Swans do have a desire to spread their dark brooding emotions, so as to make everyone as miserable as Gira seems to be.

In 1988 the Swans released their "Love Will Tear Us Apart" EP with a faithfully sung and arranged cover at that Joy Division song, and on the non-red vinyl version, a far superior,

almost soul, rendition sung by Jarboe. Clearly, their recording this tune was a transparent attempt at furthering the misery and angst in the world by awakening hidden remorse from 1980.

"Not at all. I always felt our music has more to do with power and strength and white light than death. I think we just did an honorable version of a song that no one, including New Order, could object to. I don't look at it like this song was by the seminal group Joy Division. There is merely a bunch of songs that exist and this was a song that I just happened to hear for the first time in seven or eight years walking through a supermarket in London on the muzak system. I remembered that it was a good sad song, and I decided it was a good one for us to do. It wasn't a momentous occasion." Score one for Gira, he managed to evade the real question of what the Swans' true intentions are. This time...

Some people assume that because the Swans sing about GOD and POWER they are making an inference that Gira is the all-powerful God of regret and anger. So what do you have to say in your defense, Michael?

"SEX, GOD, POWER used to be things I talked about in the past. I was preoccupied with the ways in which people erase themselves in certain beliefs, systems, and in other persons. Whether that's good or bad I don't know. It used to interest me a lot because having worked so many crummy jobs I found that was a way of erasing yourself, working as a kind of slave all your life. And that got me thinking about various kinds of fascist systems in which you lose yourself in certain ways, religious things being part of that. Anyway, that's the kind of things I used to think about when writing songs; now, I have much less control over it really, it comes from behind my head." Alas, his first admission of guilt. Gira admits that receiving his orders subconsciously from above.

"I have total control over the Swans. I allow people to have input but it's really my career. I determine where the band goes and what direction it takes. I wouldn't be a good musician if I didn't allow other people to have musical input. But the way it goes is what I decide." You're not fooling anyone Gira, you have already admitted it comes from your self-conscious. But who is controlling that vast uncharted wasteland of gloom?

For a band that relies upon a powerful wave of noise and emotion, the lyrics and vocals always seem to be unusually

prominent. Undoubtedly this is an effort to bring the Swans' message of despair upon an unsuspecting and naive audience.

"Our music has always been centered around the voice one way or another. It used to be that we would make music that was chunks of sounds and rhythms, waves of atmosphere without too much attention to melody and that to me, was an excuse to rant and become a dictator of sorts in front of the atmosphere I made. Now I am making atmospheres which are more melodic and singing with them, but to me it's essentially still the same thing, merely a

"Unfortunately, I am acutely aware of death's ominous presence all the time, it forms almost everything I do, really."

different approach. One of the bands which were my earliest heroes were early Pink Floyd, their ability to mesmerize you very gently and calmly, and also to lift you up to heaven with incredibly powerful rising crescendos. Our music, like theirs, is powerful and transcendent, and still delicate as well." (Check into possible collusion between the Swans and Pink Floyd; full analysis of Roger Waters and David Gilmour's activities requested.)

"The change in the Swans' sound was a desire not to be a buffoon and imitate yourself to death. And to keep our audience and ourselves interested. I would feel ludicrous doing now what we did five years ago. One of the things we have tried to do is to incorporate Jarboe's voice and my own into a duet, but so far I find it incredibly corny. We tried a couple of times and erased it from the tapes because it was so corny."

While the trip from Seattle to Vancouver is usually a pleasant trip for most, and certainly will be for the Rolling Stones, it was an experience which almost made the Swans' music immoral. Yes, on the way northward they were involved in an accident in the George Massey Tunnel which could have transformed them into cult heroes for eternity. Death has the ability to propel artists like the Swans to a higher status only bestowed upon bands and individuals who suffer great tragedies. Thankfully for their

fans, this experience merely reinforced Gira's acknowledgment of death's dark grip on life.

"Unfortunately, I am acutely aware of death's ominous presence all the time, it forms almost everything I do, really. But I think it's a Northern European preoccupation with death. I was talking to a guy from Portugal about that subject, and how I often thought about death. In fact, it seemed to rule my thinking, not that it's negative or anything, but it made me feel that every last little action I made was real important, so that I thought too self-consciously about it. He had no idea what I was talking about because he never thought about death. He just lived." Ah ha, death does play predominantly on his mind and he attempted to spread its affects to the sunny beaches of Portugal. Fortunately, his worldwide agenda has been thwarted, now he can only concentrate on persons of Northern European descent.

Finally, I could wait no longer and asked Gira point-blank if he was an existentialist and was bent on propagating his values amongst today's youth.

"What do you mean by that term? There was only one so-called existentialist writer that even accepted that term, that was Sartre. The rest of them disclaimed that term entirely. Every one of them. If you mean by existentialist that every minute is important to life, then yes, I guess I am. But then again, I don't claim to be a role model." Nonetheless, Gira, you are a role model for many troubled, remorseful individuals.

CONCLUSION: If you saw the Swans at the Town Pump, you no doubt noticed that two of its members, Jarboe and Westburg, looked possessed, possibly because they were under the complete control of the ringleader, Gira. The drummer and second guitarist were busy snarling and looking angry, as if they were being forced to perform by someone against their will. It was quite a spectacle to behold. Fortunately, there were only around a hundred and fifty souls present, so the adverse affects will be limited. Unfortunately, the Swans have numerous records, eps, and singles around, corrupting the minds and souls of many people. Throughout the seven year history of the Swans, there has been a predominant theme of despair, anger, and remorse. This is not a coincidence, it has been planned by Gira and possibly higher powers. Continued surveillance and further interrogation recommended.

mr mojo rising



by Tania Alekson

it's 3:15 pm an' every dang one-uv us at C-aye-T-R is gittin' cagier than a muskrat in an alligator's behind 'cause our guest o' honour this fine afternoon is Mr. Kirby MacMillan, an' he's late! Yur probably askin', who the Sam Hill is this Kirby fella an what's all the southern backwoods dialect fer anyhow? In case you wasn't in the know, Kirby is better known to college radio junkies as Mojo Nixon, one half of the irrepressible Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper duo. No, they've never been featured at any of the hotels on Granville but they are songsters, responsible for four albums and an EP, including their current LP, *Root Hog or Die*. Meanwhile, back at the station, Mojo has appeared, be-sideburned and guzzlin' a cola. He's quite a little critter up close, but he can by no means be described as unassuming, especially when he's on live doin' the college radio thing.

TANIA. Mojo!
MOJO: (please assume belting voice and North Carolina accent): How ya doin', Tania?

T: Just fine, I think, at least for now.
M: I think yer doin' just swell! Swelled up like my head, swelled

up like a big bug, ya know. I went campin' with my son, see you don't even have to ask me a question, I'm just gonna go here...

T: I'll just sit back.
M: I went camping. It was the first time in four years I took an actual vacation this summer. I

spent whole week and didn't talk to anybody about the band at all which is kinda amazing and me and my son and my brother went camping and we tried to teach my son some manly stuff. We wiped our butts with leaves, we stirred our food with sticks, and my mom, his grandmom, I

got him to tell her that he had ticks on his head that was swelled up the size of grapes an' we ate 'em. My mom was all freakin' out, it was good.

T: So, are you glad to be back in Vancouver, or you just don't care?

M: Oh no, I'm glad to be here, we always do good here. We're going to play where? The Town...

T: The Town Pump.
M: ...the Town Pump and, uh, we're gonna raise a big stink.

T: Bigger than last time?
M: Bigger than last time.

T: Bigger than Country Dick Montana?
M: Oh YEAH! Ya know me an Country Dick wrote a song together, King of Sneeze, an that even kinda has a tick reference in it, too. It's on the Beat Farmers' new album, one of the lines goes, "I'm a sick lunatic with a big love stick, I can suck on ya honey like a bucket of ticks." Now, is that poetry or what? Now that Robert Penn Warren's dead, an' there's no poet (belch) imitator, or whatever, in America, I think I should become it, ya know, with my new poetry.

T: So, what have you been doing recently?

M: Well let's see, uh, we're on the tour now, we're goin' up the west coast, ya know, U.S., Vancouver, we're goin' across western Canada, we're goin' to Moosejaw, we'll be in that big show, an then back down into the U.S., and uh, Minnesota, Idaho, Wyoming, Nebraska, ya know, all them upper plains states or whatever it is they call 'em, mountain states or somthin'.

T: Is another album in the works?
M: Another album's incubating, I'm gonna take some time off after this tour, probably early next year I'll make another album. It'll be coming out maybe like next summer or somethin'. I was telling the guy who produced our last album, Jim Dickinson, this nut from Memphis, I was telling him I wanted to combine the joy of "Double Shot of My Baby's Love" with the insurrection of "Street Fightin' Man". What I want to see is joyful insurrection. In fact, hopefully tonight at the Town Pump, that'd be a good place to throw up a few baracades. I got pavin' stones, you know the streets are narrow, you could throw up a few baracades, and uh, have a little wild in the streets. The revolution needs to start soon, an' why not Vancouver?

T: You're hoping to get a lot of juicy, er, controversial songs on the next album as well?
M: Oh ya, ya know, I don't think they'll, uh, be, like, up front politically songs like Billy Bragg, they'll just be more insane social gonzo commentary that the illogical conclusion of which will

be "Wild in the Streets".

T: Well, your song on the last album, "Legalize It", was pretty straightforward commentary.
M: It was, it was, and this whole war on drugs stuff, I mean, it's amazing how small George Bush's brain is. I mean, if you were to put it up a gnat's behind, it'd look like a b.b. in a boxcar. I mean we're talking small (snort). The way I see it, there's two problems with drugs. One, people get addicted to them and two, the price is inflated so much that it becomes like this big drug war. We would have no drug war if we legalized drugs because the price would go back down where it should be an' there wouldn't be no drug kingpins, 'cause there'd be no money involved in makin' 'em. That's the same way Al Capone became, ya know, big an' famous an' powerful in the 20's because alcohol was illegal. Soon as alcohol was legal, Al Capone didn't have no way to make no money.

T: Do you think that's one of the reasons, as well as your insulting other artists, that MTV don't like to deal with your videos?

M: I don't know, I mean, I think they like it and they don't like it, ya know, there's a fine line. MTV wants to use me to appear to be hipper than they are, 'cause I mean mainly what they play is very mainstream, very pedestrian, brain-dulling, butt-licking foolishness, ya know. But, uh, I wanna use them to put across my insane gibberish especially to reach people outside of, ya know, Vancouver, San Francisco, and New York, where they know about us, but, ya know, they don't know about us in, say, Nebraska and Wyoming and Colorado and whatnot.

T: So you're willing to have your videos played on their airwaves?
M: Yeah, at no point did I ever say I was going to be kind of a troubadour. Ya know, I'm on a giant record label, so I'm playing the commercial game but hopefully playing it my way not their way.

T: Are your videos being shown on MTV?

M: We're being shown on MTV but...we had this giant fight with MTV about the "Debbie Gibson's Pregnant With My Two-Headed Love Child" video. Essentially, they wouldn't play it because they're chicken, they're afraid of Debbie Gibson (belch), they're afraid of Warner Brothers, they're afraid of everything, ya know, so I'm still fighting the evil beast. As much as people may think that MuchMusic is

commercial an' all that, they at least play it. MuchMusic and Australia are the only people that'll play the "Debbie Gibson's Pregnant" video. England, Europe, and the United States won't play it because they're chicken, they go (whining) "Oh, Mojo, I might lose my job." Ya, well you might lose your soul in the process! Back to politics in the United States, is there anything you'd like to make a fuss over?

M: Well, this whole flag burning thing. The issue's kinda died down in the media but I think the thing that no one really talked about in the whole flag burning issue is that it's such an inconsequential issue, relative to all the other problems we have. We have probably, 236 problems in America and in North America, in Canada, that come before burning the flag. Ya know, we got cold people, we got hungry people, we got people with no jobs, we got people that got AIDS, we got a giant national debt, we got a huge military industrial complex. We're spending a billion dollars a day on guns, on weapons to kill people, we're not spending a damn dime on a giant sex farm in Nebraska. If we just take half that money an' put it into a giant sex farm in Nebraska, we could learn how to create life much better, ya know,

I'm all for creating life an' all against destroying it. I think we need to go by the pleasure principle around here. Somehow, ya know, America was founded by these weird Calvinist nut jobs who came over an' beat themselves an' stuff. We gotta get rid of this whole thing. The other problem that no one wants to talk about is that too many people are working at jobs that they hate, an' it's makin' 'em crazy and then they're goin' to the post office an' killin' everybody. I mean, I think this is our biggest problem all together, what are we going to do next year, ten years from now, 50 years from now, what kinds jobs are people goin' to be workin' at, ya know, does everybody need to work, this whole idea of full employment, maybe everybody doesn't need to work, maybe everybody only needs to work a few days. What people need to do is work at jobs they like, that they feel like they're accomplishing something. Ya know, if you're making a bomb in a defence factory, yer makin' something but no one's gonna use it, no one gets any pleasure out of it. It's not like a house that you can sleep in or a car you can drive, even like Cheez-Whiz and beanie-weenies you can eat or a go-cart you can ride around an' have fun in. A

bomb don't do nothin' but just sit there an' maybe go off accidentally an' kill people. It's foolish, it's foolish... Did I say enough then?

T: You've stunned me.
M: The girl is stunned! I put the

head belt or somethin' out there, that they messed with me, but I'm not gonna let that slow me down.

C: So '92!
M: '92! Nixon in '92. Has a nice ring to it.

"We're spending a billion dollars a day on guns, on weapons to kill people, we're not spending a damn dime on a giant sex farm in Nebraska. If we just take half that money an' put it into a giant sex farm in Nebraska, we could learn how to create life much better, ya know."

stun-gun on 'er.

At this point our operator, *Christy Cannon*, can't keep the ants outta his pants and jumps in.

C: Gee, that sounded a lot like a political platform and I know you ran for president in '88. Were you upset with your poor showing in the standings?
M: Man, I tell ya, the CIA and the FBI got involved, an' I got a lot more votes than they said I did. They just don't want to admit that I got all them votes.

C: Was it the Bible belt?
M: I think it was the knuckle-

T: Don't you feel your name is kind of a set-back?

M: Oh no, I say put another Nixon in the White House 'cause Mojo's not a dick. That's what I say.

T: I heard about your Holy Trinity. We've been wondering, which is the father, which is the son and which is the holy ghost?
M: Well, golly, we got Elvis, Foghorn Leghorn, and Otis the drunk from The Andy Griffith Show. Well, I guess Elvis would be the father, an' Foghorn Leghorn would be the son, because the son's the one who goes out extemporaneously pontificating

a lot. He's always talking an' Foghorn Leghorn has a lot to say. I mean, you could have a whole book, a new Bible, the Foghorn Leghorn I Say, I Say Son Bible. Ya know, "Pay attention when I'm talkin' to ya boy. Sharp as a bowlin' ball, colder than a nudist on an iceberg. I feel slicker than two heels fornicatin' in a bucket of mucus membrane. An' then that would leave Otis to be, he's kinda spiritual ya know, due to his imbin' in, the Holy Spirit.

T: And his mystical experiences, no doubt. Did your roots in North Carolina lead you to this sorry fate?
M: I guess they did. Part of my problem was that I grew up in a very small town an' my parents were very conservative, especially my mother, ya know, very worried what the neighbours would think. I'm still rebelling against all that. Ya know, had my parents been communists in Greenwich Village, I'd probably be an accountant or somethin'.

T: Any pet peeves right now, ranting and raving kind of stuff?
M: Ya know what I really hate, I hate goin' into bathrooms where they got those hand blower things, like after ya wash yer face ya wanna wipe them off

with a towel, or yer shirt, or yer pants or anything, except for these handblowing things. I think if there should be a constitutional amendment, it should be to outlaw these things, not to outlaw burning the flag. I hate these things, they're useless, worthless, they're some kinda Nazi idea.

And so the mutton-chopped face of Mojo Nixon got the hell outta there, never to be seen again, except maybe at the Town Pump that evenin'. An' a funny evenin' it was, too. A personal attendee of the Mojo Nixon an' Skid Roper doin' the rock 'n roll thing soiree, I scouted out the thus far invisible Skid Roper, whom I aspired doin' the 8-ball thing upstairs before the event. After I introduced myself as a CTR member and interviewer of his pal Mojo, there was a very tense pause before he said "Oh", after which the tense pause continued. Further conversation led me to discover that the same Skid who was, according to Mojo, "condom testing", had not actually been informed of the interview. "Mojo never tells me these things" could have been the bitter words I heard, just after "I have my own record to promote, too". Trouble in Mojo'n Skid land?

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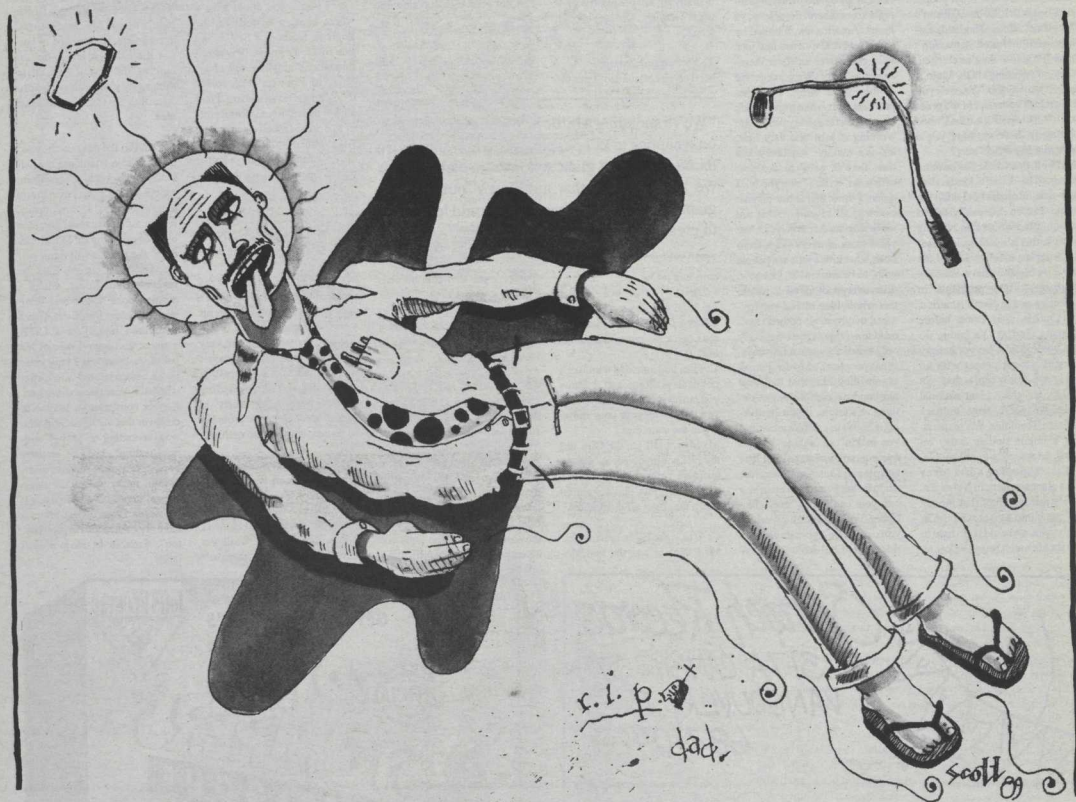
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DOING AWAY WITH DAD

Jonathon Barker Interviewed by Pete Lutwyche, Neon Meate Dream Tuesday Evenings 7:00-9:00PM

One of the surprise hits at the Vancouver Fringe Festival this year was the complex and disturbing multi-media presentation "Patricide" by Jonathon Barker. Utilizing a wide variety of formats ranging from slide projectors, silhouettes, human voices and electronic sound effects, a baffling scenario was built up which came to a shattering climax that obviously left much of the audience wondering what had hit them. I was lucky enough to interview Jonathon Barker on my show, during which he explained the complex message his production was intended to convey.

PETE: Starting right at the beginning, Jonathon, "Patricide" is the act of killing your father. Could you, in general terms, explain the significance of this title?

JONATHON: Well, it's pretty

obvious isn't it? Killing your father means killing your father. It's getting rid of the male part of humanity in some way.

P: And you're making this statement as a man?

J: Yeah, but what are we but citizens of one universe?

P: Well, that's true, but you would perhaps expect to see the father playing a more significant role in this work.

J: Well, you know, your father's been around for most of your life, and after a time you just can't escape hating the guy and I think this must be even more true for women. I think women in general must just associate eve-

rything bad with the father.

P: So this performance is simply a straight forward condemnation of the father?

J: Yeah, I think that if we got rid of fatherhood we would have a

much, much better world.

P: It was not at all evident from the scenes in this production, at least as far as I'm concerned, that was what you were saying-maybe I haven't understood fully. You

had, for example, three projectors up at the back of the stage showing words and images that seemed to me to have very little connection. In one part, the projectors were showing the words "BLOOD", "SPERM" AND "OIL". Can you tell me how this is related to the death of the father?

J: What do you associate a man with but pure, raw, physical work? Blood is obvious, I mean, as soon as he gets working his blood's getting into a rage. And sperm, well, I don't need to explain that even to you. And oil evokes the image of something slimy, a bit mechanical, dirty, not something that you'd like to associate with. I mean, oil spills, all the ghastly images that come up...

P: Well, that's one explained; how about the series that read "SPAIN" "GIRLFRIEND", and "AIRCRAFT"?

J: Well, you can't just expect all the three things that appear at any one time to be interconnected. I mean, the interrelationships between the words and the music is something you're overlooking completely. They are so obvious in some way, e.g. when "SPAIN" appears, there is the hovering sound of the helicopters that we saw during the Vietnam War; the association with the Spanish Civil War is so obvious to anyone who has read Ernest Hemingway, really.

P: Yeah, obviously I had noticed that but what about the "GIRLFRIEND"?

J: Exploitation, exploitation!

P: So that's why "Bolero" faded in—obviously a reference to Blake Edwards' "10"?

J: Yeah. So you picked up on that. Good, good.

P: Well I'm obviously not quite as stupid as I appear to be. But when the word "AIRCRAFT" began to flash on and off, "Bolero" faded into what appeared to be just a monotone hum that baffled me totally.

J: Actually, I recorded that flying in one of those old B-52's. I was sitting in the tail section of the aircraft and just put the tape recorder on and this was the humming noise you heard.

P: A piece of "found art" then? J: Well, it's something original you know. We got so much dead baggage that we're carrying around with us and so I just wanted something new in there. And, I suppose, aircraft, there's destruction, there's war, there's violence—there's the male. You don't fight wars with females.

It's just that men are always the soldiers. You know, like, that other scene when this naked girl comes on stage and opens that cube and takes out this uniform, this hollow uniform, and she's instantly transformed into a male.

P: Yeah, I understand, I think, though I thought there may have been some inherent sexism in this performance. For example, there was a woman dressed only in black underwear rhythmically

"Right, the guitar. Here's this guy dropping the pennies and he's just—I mean, very slowly, and without people noticing it, money is taking everything out of art. Capitalism is killing art, you see. That's basically it. And that's why I'm so dirt poor and I can still make art."

hitting a rock throughout the entire show. What was your justification for that?

J: So that people invite me into their studios and ask me what that was all about really. It's just provocation, you know.

P: Well, that's, I suppose, the artist's job—and how did that fit in with the projected photographs of the lawnmower, the young ballet dancer and the lungfish? J: You know, ever since I've been, oh I don't know, I guess something like seven years old, I've always had this dream about these lungfish being splattered about the lawn and then Daddy running over them with the lawnmower and at the same time I was watching this old ballet, you know the Swan Lake by Tchaikovsky, and these images just sort of interconnect with me. They've been around with me for most of my life.

P: Would you say that perhaps the lungfish was a kind of phallic symbol and the lawnmower running over the lungfish is castration, the killing of the father? J: Yeah, but Daddy was driving the bloody lawnmower...

P: Yes, well, that's obviously...pretty deep. J: Oh...oh yeah, deep, deep...

P: So, the guy dropping pennies on the guitar—very clever, yes, but did it really have any point? J: Well, there you have your phallic symbol.

P: The guitar?

J: Right, the guitar. Here's this guy dropping the pennies and he's just—I mean, very slowly, and without people noticing it, money is taking everything out of art. Capitalism is killing art, you see. That's basically it. And that's why I'm so dirt poor and I can still make art.

P: Yeah, and that's why it cost \$7 to get in! J: Well, I've got to live somehow, right?

P: I suppose so. Anyway, a lot of this performance puzzled me—the brutal poetry describing burning a man for instance...

J: Yeah, kill the bastards...

P: But is this the way forward? Burning men on a pyre?

J: Oh well, I don't know, it is one way I suppose.

P: Well, it certainly is one way. The final scene—the scene that left most people gasping—was when the stage darkened completely, apart from a single large, white candle flickering right in the centre, on which you then proceeded to dump a huge bucket of what looked like red blood. What's your message?

J: Well, it wasn't just blood, you know. Going back to the beginning of the play, well it's technical, you see you're giving the play a frame—if that's what you want to call it, a play. You've got to keep your performance together. So, what you mentioned, the blood, sperm and oil, the words on the screens at the beginning of the work, here they come back, you know. And, of course, this candle is again in some way phallic. It's the male light that is burning, and here comes his blood, his sweat, his sperm and oil, everything that is slimy and associated with the male, and it comes back to haunt him and extinguishes the candle and then he's gone and it's peace after that. Nobody knew what was going on, nobody knew whether the play had ended and there was just silence. And that's how it's going to be when you get rid of the male.

P: Obviously this production was a great success. How can you possibly top this work? Where do you go from here?

J: Oh well, I've been working on another idea lately. You know, I want to do another multi-media presentation—I'm fed up with all those pseudo-intellectuals and I just want to do a presentation condemning, in Freudian terms, those misguided individuals who are always poking fun at serious, intellectual artists like myself.

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Down On The Docks With Viola Funk



So, like, I'm walking along the railroad tracks somewhere east of Main, heading west. It's getting dusk. And I hear a voice way off in the distance, off behind me to my right. After a bit I realise the voice is endeavouring to attract my attention: "Hey! Hey, you!" Brought up (in Surrey) in the "Ignore 'em and they'll go away" school of dealing with unwanted harassment, I steadfastly continue walking. Head down, enumerating the passing railroad ties and weeds beneath my Converse. "...Hey!" Now I hear a car engine, cruising along in time with the voice. Both getting closer. Great. A bunch of No. 5 Orange St. escapes out for a joyride or something. I pick up the pace, thinking if worst comes to worst I can make for the hole in the chain-link fence that affords exit from the trainyards into the parking lot beside the Archimedes Club. And run like hell. But for the moment I consider it expedient to just go on as if nothing is amiss. A bit faster, maybe.

Then, footsteps, obviously those of someone of considerable bulk, crunching and slamming across the gravel and ties toward me, catching me up. I'm about to break into panicked run - fuck being "cool" - when before me, rising up in all his splendid navy blue uniform, appears a cop. "Hey" (and yes, the voice is his) "You deaf, or something?" ("Yes," I reply in my best ASL.) Okay, so, no "Stop in the Name of the Law", or Riot Act read me, or even my rights, no nothing, just this police, wanting to know "Where you going?" I've been shouting at you from the road for the past five minutes. What are you doing here?" "I'm going to the park," I reply, indicating Crab past the Main St. overpass. "Not along the tracks you're not," he replies, thinking quickly for a cop. "It's against the law to walk along the tracks, or be anywhere around the trains here. Dangerous, you

know. Could get hit by a train, or... 'Gainst the law. Let you go with just a warning this time, but..." Once he's finished spewing off this drivel, I inquire demurely, "is it alright if I walk along the road then?" "Oh yeah, the road's alright. Just as long as you don't go on the railroad tracks." Just in case I missed his point the first time around. Ya. Knees knocking as a result of still being in "Oh my God, I'm about to be macheted to death by a slaving transient" mode, I make my legal, road-abiding rest of the way to the park.

Port Police. Ya can't live with 'em, ya can't kill 'em.

So one other night, I take an innocent little stroll down between the Pacific Elevators at the north end of Salisbury Drive. None of this once-burned, twice-shyshit. Actually, having sojourned between these very elevators time and again, I don't give it a second thought. Down at the dock, sunset on the lapping waves; the sea is gorgeous; lights are coming on in the North Shore hills; a freighter sits contentedly moored at the side of the port. Looming up in the gathering darkness, the name of some exotic foreign place inscribed on its helm. In the recesses of the humming, grinding, expostulating elevator behind me I can just discern the mackinawed shapes of smoke-breaking employees. Regarding me from beneath baseball cap brims.

After five or ten minutes of introspection at the water's edge (punctuated by only a temptation or two to immerse myself therein) I turn to go. Halfway down through the elevators I spy a car approaching. Before I have too long to be indifferent about it, the vehicle pulls up beside me and I'm hailed by its uniformed occupant. "Hey." (Again, that fail-proof conversational gambit...) "What are you doing here?" These guys have fairly one-track minds. "I was just down at the

dock, looking out at the sunset." "Okay, well can you just hang on for a minute. I'd just like to ask you a few questions." Speaks into his radio. Returns attention to me. (Having stepped out of car, in case I try to bolt or something.) Third degree. While they're running the security check on me, in a rather constricted effort to make conversation he asks, "So...how often do you work at this... 'W H Smith'?" (Obviously skeptical.) "Full time." His moustache digests this information, still doubtful. Anyrate, the security check checks out; the fact that No. I've never "been in trouble with the police" before is confirmed. With egg on his face Cop-o ventures "It's just that...you know...this is kind of an odd place for you to be wandering around at night...And when we see someone suspicious walking around here after hours, we just like to check 'em out...make sure they're not a security risk. In terms of theft, or whatever." When I point out, "What am I gonna steal - GRAIN?" it's "Well, there's a lot of valuable stuff around here you know...the longshoremen's equipment and stuff..." Oh, okay. So those over-inquisitive assholes on their smoke break rang up PP on me. Buncha dicks.

"So, you know, I'd advise you not to wander around here this late at night..." (Huh? It's like, 9:30...) "or you might get stopped by one of us again. Okay. Have a good evening..." But this time, no wimpy did I evince, via knocking knees or any other method. No, I strode boldly away, muttering to myself disgruntledly as is my wont. You can bet those railroad tracks will be hearing from me again.

Plus, I know of a secret passageway into the VanTerm facility, and no one, be he ever so uniformed, can deprive me of that respite.

DANCING on the CLOUDS

1 I NEEDED SOLID PROOF AND FOR ME, THAT WAS REASON ENOUGH YOU MAKE QUICK JUDGEMENT OF MY ACTIONS, AND THAT IS YOUR PRIVILEGE, BUT TO TRULY UNDERSTAND THE MOTIVE FOR MY MONSTROSITIES, YOU MUST HEAR THE DETAILS OF MY STORY. I ASK THOSE WHO HAVE RELIGIOUS AFFILIATION TO HOLD YOUR INEVITABLE CONDEMNATION FOR LONCE AS WAS LIKE YOU -- DRUNK ON THE WINE OF FAITH.

"MOTHER WAS AN ATHEIST, MY FATHER A RELIGIOUS FANATIC;



PERHAPS THIS CONFUSED BACKGROUND OF OPPOSING IDEALS CONTRIBUTED TO MY PRESENT DILEMMA, I CANNOT SAY.

2 DURING MY EARLY CHILDHOOD, MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS AND I WERE FERVENT BELIEVERS IN GOD AND IN HEAVEN. WE ATTENDED CHURCH REGULARLY AND PRAYED THREE TIMES A DAY. ON SUNDAYS WE WOKED EARLY, WASHING OURSELVES VIGOROUSLY AND DRESSING IN OUR FINEST CLOTHES.

3 FATHER WOULD COOK US BREAKFAST, NOT CEREAL AND SAUSAGE, WASHED DOWN WITH FRESH MILK.



4 THE DROVE TO CHURCH FATHER WOULD LEAD US IN SONGS AND TELL US HIS VISION OF HEAVEN AND IN THE WAR.



5 SUNDAY WAS THE ONLY DAY WHEN WE HAD LOOKED MEAT FOR BREAKFAST.

6 WHEN WE WOULD ALL PILE INTO THE AUTOMOBILE, MOTHER WOULD ALWAYS SLEEP IN ON SUNDAYS AS IF NOT WILLING TO ADMIT THAT WE ATTENDED THE SUNDAY CEREMONY.



7 DURING THE VARIOUS RITUALS, WE WOULD ALWAYS SIT AND LISTEN, OBEYANT AND REVERENT.



8 I CAN REMEMBER THE FEELING OF JOY IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I WAS GOD'S CHILD, HE WOULD WATCH OVER ME, HE WOULD LOVE ME, I WOULD BE IN HEAVEN FOREVER, DANCING ON THE CLOUDS WITH JESUS.



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MAREK CIESZEWSKI AND BILL MULLAN CHAT WITH BRUCE McDONALD AND VALERIE BUHAGIAR

ROAD KILL

Me and Mullan are at the PARTY following the first Vancouver unspooling of ROADKILL, a "rock'n'road movie about a girl who learns to drive". Mullan is drinking Canadian and I refuse to partake. A few feet away, surrounded by some nymphets and kenosnobs feigning interest in semiotics, are Bruce the Film Doctor and Valerie, each holding a bottle of Canadian.

Me: (to Bruce) Hey Bruce...
Mullan: (to himself) It'd be nice to actually put the mike down somewhere so it doesn't make noise... so it's actually broadcast quality...

Me: (to Valerie) Hey Valerie!
Mullan: (to himself) The only thing I hate more than being interviewed is doing interviews.

Bruce: (to us) Who are you?
We: Ahh...err, we're doing this for the Disorder, I mean, Disorder magazine and CITR radio.

Bruce: I think I recognise you. I was at UBC in the film program and did a film called *Psychic Avenger* and you (Mullan) did all the narration for us.

Mullan: That's true. Whatever happened to that movie?

Me: (aggressively) Yeah, what happened to that movie?

Bruce: We won the CBC award at the BC Student Film Festival, we won a jury award at the Canadian Student Film Festival, and sold it to Superchannel for \$25,000.

We: H. How long was it?

Bruce: One hour.

Mullan: I've never seen it.

Me: (more aggressively) Yeah, we've never seen it!

Mullan: Like d'you have a videotape copy somewhere, or what?

Bruce: Yes, I do. I got two stars in TV guide. It was the first student film made at UBC to ever recover its budget.

Mullan: (hiding real motive of the question) And so did you ac-

tually use my voice in the final cut?

Bruce: Yes, we did.

Mullan: (coming forth with real motive) And I never got paid for this! Look, \$25,000, there's gotta be at least a grand coming to me.

Me: (motioning with my head) How about it?

Bruce: Well, we've paid our actor five thousand, I lost on it, and I don't think I'll ever get my money back.

Me: (to Bruce) That's what they all say. (and to Mullan) Keep pressing, man.

Bruce: But it was a good experience. Actually, you should see it or get a clip of your voice.

Mullan: Yeah, that... that... that'd be great.

Me: Geeezes Krrrist, Mullan, you'd burn yer mother at the stake if that was the only way to light up his cigar.

Bruce: Yeah, Roadkill was shot in 16mm black'n'white, blown up to 35. Shot for under 5 million dollars.

Me: (to Mullan) I can tell when he's lying.

Bruce: We shot it in two weeks. We began in May, we finished on September 15th. We're putting out a soundtrack record, all the music is Canadian, except for the Ramones.

Mullan: (impolitely) What is the plot in twenty-five words.

Bruce: It's a rock'n'road movie about a girl who learns how to drive.

Me: That's only eleven words.

Mullan: There is a discussion of the serial killer epidemic running through America...

Me: I prefer the phrase "mass murderer".

Mullan: ...and Canada.

Bruce: Yeah, Ramona is a timid Maltese-Canadian girl. She lives in Toronto, works for a Machiavellian rock promoter, Roy Seth. He sends her to Sudbury to bring back a band of his that's not shown up for the last four gigs. The Sudbury circuit is a kind of bargain-basement rock'n'roll circuit where bands just beginning go get their chops down, and bands that have faded out go to relive their glory days.

Me: Like Nash The Slash.

Bruce: Like Nash The Slash.

Me: (with satisfaction) I heard that Sudbury looks like the Moon?

Bruce: Yeah, Sudbury is the land of mining and nickel and it looks like the Moon. Actually, they tested the Lunar Module up there.

Me: Hch, heh, heh.

Bruce: It's a true story. They tested the Moon Buggy up there.

Me: Let me buy you a beer, Bruce!

Mullan: That brings me to my main criticism of the film: because you shot black'n'white Sudbury was not ugly enough.

Bruce: Right.

Me: Your camera has a deliberate, compositional coarse look to it.

Bruce: Because we had such a low budget, we didn't have time to move the camera a lot or build

dolly tracks so the stress was on composition.

Me: I read that you have a Polish cameraman. Is it true that Polish cameramen can only see with one eye at a time?

Bruce: Heh, heh, very funny. Yeah, but he was always thinking with the other eye, you know.

Me: What happens to Ramona?

Bruce: After a bungled beginning she finds herself stranded in Sudbury without the band, without her bag, and without money. Her search for the band crosses the careening paths of three ambitious men and one ambitious boy: Bruce, played by myself, an out of control, outlaw movie director, obsessed with sensationalist images, in search of a bang-up ending to his obses-

sion, they all wanted sex.

Me: (to by-stander) And who the fuck are you?

Bruce: Sure, they all wanted sex but they all sublimated their sexual desires.

Mullan: We should talk about the title of the film, Roadkill, and the fact that there were hardly any animals killed during the making of the film.

Bruce: That is the truth.

By-stander: (impudently) Oh yeah? And what was on that engine being fried in motor oil?

Me: (very impolitely) Fuck off.

Bruce: That was a cat.

Mullan: No, really?

Me: (to Mullan) Cats die all the time.

Bruce: Tastes like chicken.

Mullan: Did you eat it.

road. So that involved a number of different setups to shoot the scene. The farmers were standing on a hill and after each take they were under the impression that we were killing rabbit after rabbit and they called the police. We looked kinda rough; we had our leathers on.

Me: You must have come close to shooting a remake of Easy Rider there?

Bruce: Yeah, but luckily they didn't pull out their Winchesters. But most people we met were fairly receptive.

Me: How much music was written for the film?

Bruce: One or two pieces. Nash did Roadkill which is in the Joey Ramone scene. All the other stuff was already seen in gigs. I was

poster. But the album cover could be what we have here and cassettes and video cassettes will have this one with a splash of blood on it.

Mullan: I gather you've contacted the Ramones?

Bruce: Yeah. The co-producer and myself are big Ramones fans. The co-producer was one of the first guys to book the Ramones at the New Yorker in 77 in Toronto and it was the first gig they played outside of NYC. We didn't really know them but we phoned them up and they were great.

Me: Did you show them the script?

Bruce: Yeah. We sent Joey the script and he really liked the title and the idea of a rock'n'roll movie and his manager thought it'd be a great idea for Joey to get some exposure. Joey is no big shakes as an actor but he's a really cool guy.

Me: Did they see the film?

Bruce: They looked at it last week. We sent it to them. We just got it in on time 'cause they're in England on a tour. We included a bunch of t-shirts. Joey said he'll be plugging the film in interviews.

Me: Did he like it?

Bruce: I haven't heard from him yet but I'm sure he'll love it.

Me: Who else can you hear on the soundtrack?

Bruce: About twenty bands. Any independent guy would kill to get his song in the film 'cause it's good promotion and it's good for them. So The Ugly Ducklings — old Toronto Rolling Stones clone band, IT, The Pappers, Graeme Kirkland and the Wolves with Julie Massey, ex-singer with the Parachute Club, Chronic Harmonic, Teknakulter Raincoats — a kinda punk-gothic band out of Toronto, Cowboy Junkies, Razor — hardcore heavy metal, Leslie Spit, N.B. Ruff, Charrli, Sturm Group, Suffer Machine — electronic out of London, 10 Seconds Over Tokyo, Razorbacks, Stompin' Tom Connors, Hand-Jong Nuts.

Mullan: Handsome Ned is dead, isn't he?

Bruce: Yeah, too much heroin... We're say "no", kids, unless the price is right.



sive documentary; Matthew, a disillusioned rockstar on a spiritual quest; Russell, a loner trying to break into the competitive field of serial killings...

Me: I still prefer "mass murder"...

Bruce: ...and Luke, a 15 year old boy who stole his father's car and wants to be a man. They all wanted something.

Me: The only one that wanted sex was the 15 year old.

Some by-stander: (to me) Oh,

Bruce: Yeah.

By-stander: (stubbornly) Whose cat was it?

Me: (reaching the limits of my patience) Blow bum!!!

Bruce: Ah... the name tag said Fluffy, so I don't know. We were accused of being a Satanic cult from the city by a group of farmers up in Northern Ontario. We were shooting the last scene of the film where the main character Ramona finally dodges her n-th rabbit that she sees on the

really trying to pick consciously Canadian independent music.

Mullan: Who's gonna be handling the soundtrack?

Bruce: We're just talking to two different people. You shouldn't write this down but it's either Virgin or WEA.

Me: (philosophically) Your poster looks okay too.

Bruce: This is a kind of a quick thing we've whipped up just for the festival and we're actually working on another real movie,

David Sylvian and Holger Czukay
Flux and Mutability
 (Virgin)

Flux and Mutability is the first example of the absolute latest in commercial trends; the twenty-one minute and two-second long single. In actual fact, this new collaboration by former Japan singer/songwriter David Sylvian and Can member Holger Czukay bears no relation to conventional pop music styles. It consists, instead, of two pieces of (lengthy) music which occupy the "Flux" and "Mutability," sides of the record respectively. A big, bright, colourful world is the first track on the disc. Beginning with a sample of musique-concrete from Holger's dictaphone, this first tune instantly settles into a relaxing groove backed by simple percussion parts and randomly executed bits of keyboard, guitar, flugelhorn and mysterious voices. Overall, this first track, which totters randomly forward for sixteen minutes, is rather reminiscent of David Sylvian's solo work, Brilliant Trees. On the flip side of Flux and Mutability, the second track opens with gentle string washes. As this twenty minute epic wears on, echoing guitar lines and an African flute are also introduced. Again, this piece is stylistically very similar to Sylvian's early solo efforts. Overall, the record sound is very pleasant, and extremely aimless. (Did you launder your socks? A question to ponder while listening to this record.)

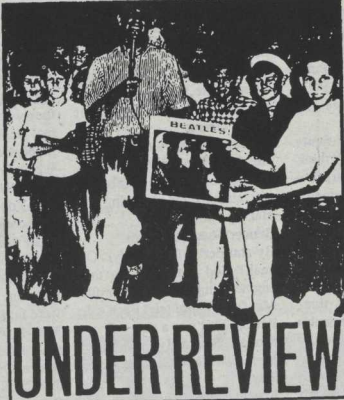
J.W.

Faster Pussycat
Wake Me When It's Over
 (Elektra)

Taking its name from the

1966 cult-movie classic, *Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill!* (The Cramps song of the same title, you decide), this quintet hit the music scene during the metallic revival of the mid-eighties. These origins lead to apoplexy: is *Faster Pussycat* merely an untalented hardcore band or a bombastic, heavy-metal group being played by underground music stations to unwary and easily misled listeners who believe they are hearing hardcore? In fact, if the listener removes the micron-thin plating of loud, half-hearted guitar swipes on top of an annoying voice and concentrates on the lyrics, it becomes readily apparent *Faster Pussycat* is just a sub-standard, heavy metal knock-off. (Incidentally, those serious about listening to quality hardcore should pick up Husker Du's *Metal Circus*.)

Wake Me When It's Over is the soundtrack of a pre-adolescent wet dream. Permanently mired in Freud's phallic phase, lead-singer Taine Downe works himself into a masturbatory frenzy, growling about his "Little Dove." Your high-heeled river of love/Is dripping down your thighs/It seems like my lover's finally satisfied. One of the most repulsive of the eleven songs is "Where There's A Whip There's A Way." While the title is heinous, the lyrics are horrifying! Got you screaming like a pooch on a leash to let you know! She grinds her leather like Liberace rhines a stone/She rides just like a pony gonna sign that philly (sic) up for the rodeo. The bestial imagery is continued ad nauseum in another song, "Slip of the Tongue." I got a psychopathic love/that fits like a glove/My baby bucks like a bronco/When I start to shove/Get your,



get your, get your feet up to your ears/Slam it home and take me to Rome/And watch me disappear.

The lyrics, specifically chosen to shock the listener, are the attraction (the music certainly isn't). Producers of so-called "slasher movies" strive for a similar effect with like subject matter and undoubtedly appeal to the same audience: twelve-year olds. One last point: in light of the depraved lyrics, it is ridiculous that, on the dust-jacket, *Faster Pussycat* gives "Special thanks to all our families and friends." Touching, isn't it?

If *Faster Pussycat* releases an album similar in content and style to *Wake Me When It's Over*, don't wake me. I'd rather die in my sleep.

Will Reith

Big Audio Dynamite
Megatop Phoenix
 (CBS)

As I listened to Big Audio Dynamite's latest album, *Megatop Phoenix*, a single phrase from Simone de Beauvoir's *Les Belles Imagées* remained fixed in my mind and typified the album's contents: "wholly different and exactly the same."

Big Audio Dynamite (B.A.D. for short) was formed in 1985 upon the collapse of The Clash. After an ideological argument with Clash co-founder, Joe Strummer, Mick Jones teamed up with film-maker Don Letts, Basement 5 bassist Leo Williams, Greg Roberts, and Dan Donovan. With artists coming from varied musical backgrounds, classifying the band's style is tricky. B.A.D. is best described as — for lack of a better term — ghetto-blastar funk à la reggae hip-hop. In short, aodge-podge.

The album is a mix-mash

of seventeen songs. The group's divergent composition is likely its greatest weakness, rather than strength. *Megatop Phoenix* (and the other three B.A.D. albums, for that matter) feature an engaging collection of sounds — musical and otherwise. However, lyrics and melody are inconsistent as the group switches from one style to another.

Album composition and order suffer too. The first three tracks on side one are strung together so incoherently the group jeopardizes the impact of an otherwise interesting social commentary in the third song, "All Mink, No Manners." Even the good material is tainted. The anthemic power of "Union, Jack", the best song on this album, sounds undercut when sandwiched between a bright, but lyrically repetitive "Contact" and "Dragon Side", a paean to the disco era. Side two is a stylistic mosaic of eight utterly forgettable, laxative-smooth tracks punctuated with occasionally good instrumentation and vocals. In light of the talent exhibited by Jones, Letts and Williams before the formed Big Audio Dynamite, it seems ironic they are so mediocre as a band. However, evidence from B.A.D.'s past albums in general, and *Megatop Phoenix* in particular, indicate they are — to use the old cliché — "jacks of all trades and masters at none".

Will Reith

A.C. Marias
One of Our Girls (Has Gone Missing)
 (Mute)

Eureka! Something truly inspired. Imagine Chris and Cosy (but more melodic) and The Cocteau Twins (but more

comprehensible) and you've got the A.C. Marias. In a Kleenex-box music world of unoriginal, lachrymose, prattle, *One of Our Girls* (Has Gone Missing) makes a welcome, yet ever-so-sullen, alternative.

The group has created an aural landscape of dark grey skies, veiled reality, and brooding loneliness. The funeral instrumentation makes a perfect balance to the recitation of pseudo-Beatnik poetry. The voice is compelling and hypnotic, but never tranquilizing.

Good production and intelligent selection of material also make the album enjoyable. No single track is superior to another, as a result, the music flows evenly from beginning to end, without choppy inconsistency. Particularly praiseworthy, "Tribly's Couch" sets the tone for the album, introducing the listener to the isolated, ethereal voice on the wind. The tangible is avoided in favour of the vague and atmospheric. The turbulent "Give Me" features a stronger rhythm and harder-edged vocals.

One of Our Girls strength lies within the A.C. Marias' ability to reinterpret a style of music and perform it in a new and interesting manner, without making it sound plagiarized. Other artists should note this accomplishment.

Will Reith

Soundgarden
Louder Than Love
 (A&M)

If you like noisy, whining guitars, thundering drums, and abrasive vocals played at 1500 decibels, you'll enjoy Louder Than Love, recorded at London Bridge Studio in Seattle. The twelve tracks come together to form a cohesive whole. From beginning to end, the listener is caught up in the austere simplicity: no gimmicks, no padding, no filler, just solid music. The band is not pretending to be anything it isn't. In fact, one of the most engaging things about this album is the "I don't give a shi", garage - band style. The lyrics present a deliberately warped tribute to self-indulgence ("Get on the Snake" and "Loud Love"). Enough said. Go out and buy it!

Will Reith

Berurier Noir
Concerto pour Detraques
 (Bondage Records, dist. by New Rose)

I just read it in the July 30 NME — Brits has left The Fall. I phoned her once, gave my name and where I was calling from and she yelled out to her husband, "Mark, it's Canada calling." I'll say this about The Fall, if you

ever have to phone the suicide hot line and all the operators are busy, your best hope is that they're using "Hip Priest" for hold music.

The above has nothing to do with this review except that two weeks ago I ditched The Fall as my favorite band in the whole world for Berurier Noir. The band performs wearing clown masks and they speak in crude Parisian street-punk argot. No matter how many times I retake French 110, I will not understand any of it. Apparently their material is full of humour, but to me it sounds like one long, angry polemic with a large dose of unflattering animal imagery. Take the song "Porcherie" (Pigsty) for example:

Flics-armée (military police) PORCHERIE!
 Apartheid - PORCHERIE!
 ERIE!
 D.S.T. - PORCHERIE!

ERI!

Et les PEN (right wing politicians) - PORCHERIE! The music comes on like fatter, meaner, faster Deja Voodoo: buzz saw guitar over cheesy handclap, spoons and kneeslap rhythm. This rhythm is almost identical from song to song. It would get monotonous if it weren't for strategically placed bells, whistles and saxophone, the latter played by an homme named Pascal Kung-fu.

Detraques, so I'm told, are people who have become screwed, distracted, or otherwise screwed up through spending a year in compulsory military service. I'm not sure why I've fallen for this tune. Like Mark E. Smith, there's a noir side to these characters which remains inaccessible. To an English audience this may be the band's biggest asset. It's on the unseen parts that one projects anything that one wants to, or has to, see. Remember kids, "Tant qu'il y a du noir, il y a de l'espoir."

J.B. Hohm

Spacem Three
Sound of Confusion
 (Pinnacle)

The Spacem Three's new LP is awash in guitar fuzz and beats like a Triumph Bonneville motorbike idling, never altering throughout.

Lead singer Jeremy Kember's anguished drone is a void into which reverberating kings The Jesus and Mary Chain would dare not tread. Kember's bandmates follow him on a relentless drive along a highway of drug-induced stupor, smashing through the guardrails and plunging into a gorge of emptiness. A group that ends side two with "OD catastrophe" knows where this band like the Thirties Four





Elevators and The Stooges have been, and wants to go there.

This album is a migraine to the mind of sobriety. It's something like a great big trap for your speakers, buzzing relentlessly until its inevitable demise.

Greg Garlick

Material Seven Souls (Virgin)

With a little imagination, this album could take you on some bizarre surrealist trip. One could call it "In Search of Man's Soul". This aural adventure consists of a mixture of Hindi and African lyrics, and English narration, accompanied by instrumentation ranging from coral sitar to electronic keyboards and the violin textures of Shankar, frequent collaborator with Material main man Bill Laswell.

Side one starts with a funky beat, Hindi lyrics and Shankar on the violin. A mid-tempo instrumental of percussion and synthesizers follows. Then the English narration comes in. Here the adventure truly begins: the voice of William S. Burroughs fades in and out of the mix, narrating the story of the "Seven Souls" throughout the rest of the LP.

Side two is mostly instrumental but also includes a song with African lyrics. It finishes with a slow psychedelic pace, simulating the end of a long trek.

This is definitely one of those albums to be enjoyed through headphones (a Walkman would be ideal) in order to be absorbed by the hypnotizing sounds that surround you. Categorizing this release is difficult. Try Hindi/African with a taste of

funk. A psychedelic adventure for soul searchers.

Claude de Leseleuc

Jerry Dodd and the Sons of Harry Cross Wine Bars and Werewolves: The Jewel In The Flat Cap EP (Probe Plus Records)

When these two records first appeared on the CTRP playlist, I had no idea who Jerry Dodd and the Sons of Harry Cross were. It turns out that Jerry Dodd is in fact a ranter/poet from Liverpool, England, and the Sons of Harry Cross are a punk-folk-reggae-pop backing band. One listening was enough to decide that Jerry has a lot of talent, and pretty soon I was totally won over by his savage observations and dry humor.

The album "Wine Bars and Werewolves" is a highly personal account of life in today's Liverpool, loaded full of bitterness and resentment. The despair of the inhabitants as their city crumbles into disrepair at the hands of an uncaring government is documented painfully on tracks like "So Here We Are" and "Downtown Birkenhead". Liverpool has a huge heroin problem and "Hillsview Heights", named for a council estate where heroin use is at epidemic proportions, shows the slide from the drole to addiction. Side one closes with "The Art of Rape", in which a rapist gets off the charge due to the chauvinism of the judge and jury-robbing the victim of justice and dignity. I put side two on, ready for more realism and tragedy, only to find that the guy also has a wicked sense of humor. The first track "Wine Bar Man" (set to the tune of the "Spideeman" cartoon theme) is a piss-take of the kind

of man who inhabits wine bars in England, which are roughly equivalent to Richards On Richards here. Side two continues in a lighter vein on to the hilarious final track, an account of how he was hilarious final track, an account of how he was refused entry into "Atmosphere", "a club for beautiful people", because of a persistent zit that only appears on Saturday nights.

The other Jerry Dodd release is the EP "The Jewel in the Flat Cap". Side one is again intensely tragic. "Always the Bridesmaid" is a history of Liverpool, ending with the optimism of rebirth and the line "old lady Liverpool must never get screwed again".

"8,000 Miles Away" is a poem about the Falklands war, set to the sounds of a distant harmonica. It concentrates on the war seen through the eyes of the wife of a serviceman who is killed fighting for this worthless piece of land on the other side of the world. I played it in a crowded room once and slowly all conversation stopped until, at the end of the track, there was silence.

Most of side two of the EP was recorded live in Birkenhead without the band, and includes a vicious send up of the police and their tendency to wear mistresses (in "Psycho-Nazi Police Cadet" in Where's Your Muzzy Shock?") as well as a painfully accurate description of "student types".

Jerry Dodd and the Sons of Harry Cross have released two strong records, and their honest mix of humor and pathos is a sure sign that there are more good things to come.

Pete Lutwyche

Master/Slave Relationship This Lubricious Love (Cause and Effect)

The penchant of Debbie Jaffe (a.k.a. Master/Slave Relationship) for extremism comes to the fore here on her vinyl debut. Subtitled Soundtrack to Black Leather Bondage, This Lubricious Love serves up a dish of unrepentant harsh electronics and tortured vocals. No sampled anything. It grinds. It scours. It does all those things paint stripper is supposed to do. A cross between "Emily" Faryna and the Haters is a decent call. Fans of Merzbow and Smersh would also groove to the sounds of America's best-known noise act. White Ministry's Land of Rape and Honey was once referred to as background music for hostage takings, side two of Jaffe's Lubricious Love would be perfect muzak for waiting rooms at sperm banks. This side of the LP

consists of the title track, a near-half hour "What I'm going to do to you...what I want you to do to me" style lascivious dialogue between Jaffe's electronics. Incidentally, McGee and Jaffe did work under the name Viscera. Canada Customs blacklisted This Lubricious Love, so you'll have to get it through mailorder. (Contact: Cause and Effect Mailorder, PO Box 30383, Indianapolis, IN, 46230)

Name deleted at author's request Front Line Assembly No Limit 12" (Third Mind) Delerium Morpheus (Dossier)

Catching just enough of a breather between Front Line Assembly's first-ever European and subsequent North American tour to iron out conflicts on their itinerary and lift the toilet seat a couple times, locals Bill Leeb and Michael Balch find themselves being versed again in TWA emergency procedure. But that's not before Leeb swings by CTR to inform us of two new releases — the first being his second solo project Morpheus. Employing the moniker Delerium, Leeb's Morpheus is made available through Dossier-Berlin who did Leeb's first solo Faces, Forms, and Illusions and FLA's State of Mind LP. Both Faces... and Morpheus captures a very thick and thick-on-the-thick synth-sound (whew!)... very meditative... cerebral; again mostly soundtracky material a la Controlled Bleeding, SPK, Borghesia, and In the Nursery — particularly "Temple", "Somnolent", "Fragments", "Faith", and the title track. "Veracity", "Allurance", "Requiem" and "Coup D'etat" (which features the only non-TV cut-up vocals on the LP) build up on a little

more rhythm. The Cabaret Voltaire "Kino"-influenced "Gaza", however, is the only reference made to the Middle East; and while the Faces, Forms and Illusions project relied more on mid-Eastern, ethnic textures ("Mecca", "New Dawn", "Certain Trust", "Sword of Islam"), Morpheus still has a very anemic and lavish, yet unsettling feel to it.

"No Limit" is the second remixed single from FLA's Gashed Senses and Crossfire LP, which, like Morpheus and Faces, Forms, and Illusions, depends more heavily on technical grandeur than earlier FLA material. Ernest Angley clips, much like those used on Front 242's "Welcome to Paradise", infiltrate the extended instrumental tacked on to the club mix of "No Limit": "I'm not going to think about unhappy things, I'm going to think about happy things, and I'm going to think about a journey. A journey to the skies and beyond, and I'm going to heaven one of these days", said the preacher to the fool. Swirling keyboards, big bass synth, and different clips than on the LP. "Lethal Compound" is the non-LP b-side. It's reminiscent of "Body Count" from the Disorder LP. Running over eleven minutes, it's a little excessive. However, it kicks in halfway through with minimal synth rumblings, screams, Leeb's chanting, various strings and metallic percussion. The CD single includes a toned-down five minute version of "No Limit".

Lloyd Ullana

Doughboys Home Again (Restless)

I've heard many comparisons between Vancouver and Toronto regarding which is the real center of the Canadian music

scene. I don't think Toronto has ever produced a worthwhile band but, more importantly, the argument overlooks a third element: what about all the great bands coming out of Montreal? Consider... The Gruesomes, The Asexuals, Deja Voodoo, and Misou.

The Doughboys are another fine Montreal band and they now have a second album out entitled, Home Again. When John Kastner defected from his frontman/singer role with The Asexuals he formed The Doughboys, who released an excellent debut album called, Whatever. Now they're sponsored by Vision Street Wear, and judging by the performance in Vancouver several months ago, they have an exciting and energetic stage show.

Like their first album, Home Again is characterized by a solid, driving dual guitar sound and strong vocals. All members of the band sing back-ups, which is put to good use on the sing along choruses. Two of the better songs are "Buying Time", and "I Won't Write You A Letter". And there's a nice classical virtuoso guitar intro to the Husker Du-ish "Never Sleep".

Although Home Again is quite good overall, my only complaint is that it's missing a bust-out catchy hit single like "You're Related" or "You Don't Know Me" from Whatever. The band has filed down some of the harsher edges of their sound but they still write some of the best music in Canada. And as we approach the 1990's with more regurgitated popster pop bands on the radio and television, the Doughboys are an even more welcome relief from the usual dross.

Terrorr



UK Subs

Club Soda

Sunday, October 8th

To be truthful, for the low low price of six dollars, (four if you had a handy two bucks off pass) I entered Club Soda not expecting great things. I thought, "the UK Subs... fast, hard, possibly even generic hardcore punk rock." But I was wrong. Lucky me.

The first band, **Lost Generation**, was a lost cause. The high point of their performance was the infamous Club Soda Smoke Machine which at one point blanketed the entire band in dense fog, completely blocking them from sight. Normally this excessive smoke is an irritating habit our friends at Club Soda have, but in this case, it was well received.

Then, **Curious George**. A fine up'n'coming group of Vancouverites with a distinctly local flavour. Songs included "Pit Bull Attack", "Better Dead than Sore", and of course their ever tasteful cover of that old Bangles classic, "Walk Like an Egyptian". Because they play at least twice monthly around town, you will have many opportunities to see more of them. You have my personal recommendation.

After a brief intermission, the UK Subs took the stage by storm. I have only heard them once before and knew none of their songs by name. I couldn't tell you what they played that night even if you gave me millions and millions of dollars, but as it turned out, an intimate knowledge of the band's repertoire was not necessary to enjoy the show. They had good rapport with the audience and played requests as well as many long encores. It was an evening when just as you thought it was really over you thought they would emerge again to whip the crowd into renewed frenzy.

Eventually, late into the night (if you run on Club Soda time) they stopped, and turned their sweaty but satisfied fans out into the night. The Vancouver stop on the UK Subs Killing Time tour was a huge success.

Nit Gritty

Tragic Mulatto/Silent Gathering

Club Soda

Sunday, October 15th

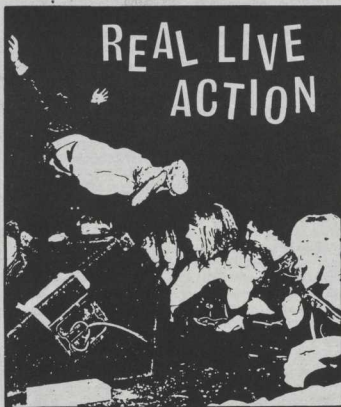
Sure, they have a "No black T-shirts except on Sunday & Monday nights" policy, and someone is overly keen on dry ice, but hey, as long as they can put on shows like this one, Club Soda can't be all bad. **Tragic Mulatto** visited their wrath, and the curiously inspired vision, upon the populace of Vancouver

on Sunday, 15th October.

Said vision is one that plumbs depths hitherto undisturbed even by those with the strongest stomachs. Case in point: the opening segment, which saw one of their drummers stand demurely before the microphone, centre stage, and recite a paean to the joys of airing one's anus. Hey, in these days of too-tight jeans the guy probably has a point. Anyway, while the musical accompaniment for this highbrow stuff was fairly mellow bass and drums gyrations, the pace quickly changed when lead songstress Gail (no last name, please) took the stage. Quite the woman, she. Clad in innocuous baggy cotton trousers & top at first, she later stripped to reveal a green Glad garbage bag outfit emblazoned with Mr T's glowing features and strategically cut to reveal a red lace brass-ear and ginch, the latter wedged amongst resplendent rolls of cellulose. Contorted in the vise grip of the lyrics spewing from her gullet, she whirled and careened about the stage, gleefully taunting shuddering thighs and butt. ("At last, at last, a role model," thinks Viola. Her spells of frenzied demon-possession were accompanied with music that by turns grated, grooved, and gyrated straight through one's solar plexus. Not passing GO, not collecting \$200. (Huh?) Threatening - or promising - during one instrumental bit to erupt into a cover of "A Quick One While He's Away", but not delivering on that score. Cacophony incorporated, yet boasting varied enough tempo, rhythm and instrumentation to keep things intense. The hairshakers were going at it; the skins were nodding in agreement; and the coolest of the cool just sat there and ingested it all.

With two drummers, a guitarist, a bass player, and Gail of the metallic green eyeshadow and Chi Pig locks, this in itself was a full-time occupation. In response to some half-witted heckling re the band's SF origins, Gail advised "If you're going to San Francisco, be sure to wear a pentagram on your bass..." (Or she might've said "face", I'm not sure.) And the beat-up old tuba she belaboured was wielded metaphorically between her legs as often as at her mouth. What's life without a little penis envy?

To wrap up this manic spectacle, our horn-rimmed-glasses wearing bass player handed Gail his instrument and took her place on vocals, clutching an electric razor for moral support. As he emptied himself of the song's lyrics he similarly



divested his head of hair with the razor. Who says you can't please longhairs and skins at the same gig? Overheard between two audience members later while leaving: "Wow, I like, I think he was gonna shave his whole entire head when he took out that razor..." - I thought he was gonna shave his legs, personally."

As a prelude, cock-rockers - whoops, I mean hillbilly-slash-grunge-rockers - extraordinaire **Silent Gathering** served up a platter of the usual. Sun-baked, rattlesnake-bitten, sand-enraptured Seventies stuff. Although tonight they were leaning more in the direction of liquor-steeped, all-out-insane-screama-mama times, which they've been doing more and more of late. Their set was graced (or cursed, depending on how uncomfortably close to centre stage you happened to be) with the presence of a severely drunk, purple-haired, head-banging whirling dervish who had no qualms about charging full-force into whatever objects, animate or in, stood in her trajectory. This chick combined with the ubiquitous Club Soda dry ice visitations created an interesting backdrop for SiG's prognostications of death via sex, homicide, drink, birds, and other kooky methods. Their set was shorter than usual, but then **Tragic Mulatto** had their act ripped in the bud too. "We don't have time left for anymore folks, sorry," the waitress-cum-MC announced cheerfully over the sound system. Yeah, fuck you too. In this happily belligerent frame of mind I stumbled down the stairs and out beneath the waning moon, having had a groovy evening of fun and perversity. Not neces-

sarily in that order.

Viola Funkdom

Eek-a-Mouse/Roots Roundup

Town Pump

Monday, October 9th

What better way to round out the holiday weekend than working up a sweat to some dynamic Jamaican reggae? Obviously this idea appealed to people as there were many in attendance at the Town Pump. **Roots Roundup** had no problem filling the dancefloor with a solid opening set, setting the mood for the whole evening.

Eek-a-Mouse took the stage after a short delay (probably caused by difficulties getting his ego through the door) and straight away slipped into some of the tightest, most exciting reggae I've ever witnessed. Last time I saw Eek-a-Mouse, five years ago, he had the appearance of a novelty act. He dressed as an Arabian prince, complete with gold lame turban. His back-

ing band were sloppy and amateurish. By contrast, this show was serious black leather and sharp, punchy music laid down by his multicultural band armed with some of the latest electronic equipment.

The sound was superb throughout. The unique voice of Eek-a-Mouse would sometimes soar way above the backbeat, and at other times, machine-gun tongue-tripping rhymes at the audience. Eek-a-Mouse also had plenty of stage presence. He engaged in lots of posing and tongue-in-cheek audience participation, but he would often move out of the spotlight to allow the band to get down to some serious dub reggae. This was a highly professional yet relaxed show, proving that Eek-a-Mouse is on the front line, helping to take reggae into the nineties.

Pete Lutwyche

Hip Flip

The Gruesomes/The Picasso Set/The Smugglers/The Evaporators/The Roosters

West Van, Rec. Centre

Friday, October 13th

Hip Flip took a few hundred people in West Vancouver on a time-travel trip back to the days when a band's place was in the garage and rock 'n' roll dealt with the really important issues of life, like boy meets girl. Presented by CITR's own John Ruskin, a.k.a. **Nardwar** the Human Serviette, his ninth concert showcased some of Canada's most enthusiastic practitioners of hip-shakin', foot-stompin', pop-o-matic teen rock. **The Roosters**, playing their first-ever gig, ably warmed up the audience with their harmonica-laden barnyard boogie-woogie. Hot on the Rooster's heels came **Nardwar's** own musical outfit, the **Evaporators**. Admittedly, the show-stealer here was **Nardwar** himself, decked out in

sixties-style garb (as were the majority of those onstage), and sawed-off sunglasses. A veritable showman, **Nardwar** wowed his audience with a dance routine that combined arthritic King Tut maneuvers with St. Vitus' Dance. After turning in an admirable set, the **Evaporators** made way for those "cubist groovies", the **Picasso Set**. And groovy tunes they served up, indeed, paying homage to rock 'n' roll greats like the **Dave Clark Five**. Fresh from an exhausting local club tour, the four-piece group soon had the walls of **Cypress Gym** reverberating with their happy-go-lucky repertoire of sixties-inspired melodies.

The audience at the front of the stage was an indecipherable tangle of flailing human limbs by the time the next act, the **Smugglers**, had stormed through their first number. Lead singer **Grant Lawrence** belted out such memorable lines as "I just wanna make love to youuuu!!!" as the crowd pogoed up and down in sheer glee. Self-confessed "worst guitarist in B.C.", **Dave Dykhuus**, added some tasty "kerrang!!!" on top of the band's pounding rhythm section. Unfortunately, time constraints put a premature end to the **Smugglers**' set.

Finally, the moment had arrived for **Montreal's** premiere garage-rock gurus, the **Gruesomes**, to hit the stage. Having played at previous **Nardwar** extravaganzas, the band appeared to be familiar favorites with the all-age audience. This time, the band included a new member, **Albertan Al Boyd**, on guitar. The **Gruesomes** performed an enjoyable set, keeping the audience, including myself, on its dancing toes. When the clock struck twelve, the band was forced to bid adieu, allowing concert patrons the hope of catching a bus out of the wilds of West Van.

Andrea Csereny



The Man Who Mistook His Wife For A Hat
Opera By Michael Nyman
Vancouver East Cultural Centre
Friday, October 6th

You hate opera too? All that trojan horse stuff, lions, gawdy scenery, boredom-again spectacle one would expect to find crammed into B.C. Place, like a tractor pull or a retro-rock show. *The Man Who Mistook His Wife For A Hat*, by Michael Nyman, with libretto by Christopher Rawlence, is not like that. It is a chamber (not dungeon) opera consisting of three characters and a small ensemble of two violinists, a violist, two cellists, a

harpist, and a pianist, which clocks in at just over one hour (thanks to the jerk who didn't turn his hourly watch beeper off).

This is no Wagner Ring cycle where the last one awake in the hall is the first one out of the parkade, but instead a short opera about a neurological disorder. "Hat" is based on a case study by Oliver Sacks in which Dr. P (a professional singer) confuses parking meters for people, and his wife...; in other words, he has a severe visual agnosia. Dr. P resorts to using melodies to help him coordinate everyday tasks, enabling him to live a relatively full life, instead of "deteriorating in the shadow

of his 'deficits'." According to Sacks, "Dr. P. and his wife have elements of the heroic, but the real hero is surely music- the power of music to organize and integrate, to knit and reknit a shattered world into sense."

Nyman's straightforward music deals with Dr. P's gradual deterioration, but more importantly, it's not boring. He overcomes the difficulty of maintaining momentum by relying on an almost minimal style of composition with a pop influence. Contrary to what I have read, Nyman's writing is certainly not avant-garde. This rendition of *Hat*, put on by the Vancouver New Music Society, was quite

successful. It was nice to see the Society (with the help of Barry Hegland, Phillip Tidd, and Anne Ramsden) pay such close attention to scenery and lighting. Although predictable, the slides were helpful in enhancing the imagery of the libretto (unfortunately, one of the slide projectors was out of focus for the first quarter of the performance on opening night).

Hat is light, very light, and it is questionable whether Nyman was truly sensitive to the story (Sack's description, quoted above, gives the expectation of a more profound representation, whereas Nyman seemed more interested in exploiting the comic

elements). Since Nyman points out in the liner notes of the recording how quickly he composed this opera, I feel free to comment on his craftsmanship. Gary Dahl's fine performance was marred by the fact that Nyman had scored the bass part so low that it was often buried by the strings. As well, Nyman's insistence on scoring the soprano so high was annoying, and the strain showed on her face.

As far as the New Music ensemble was concerned, performances were good, but there were some very wonky things happening in the string section. Despite these few complaints, I enjoyed this opera. Now I wish

someone in this city would present Ligeti's "Le Grand Macabre". Berio's new opera, a Kagel music-theatre piece, Messiaen's opera, or a Xenakis polypoe (but please, no Phillip Glass).

The Man Who Mistook His Wife For A Hat was a good start to what promises to be an interesting 1989/90 Vancouver New Music season. Look for the nice posters by Joe Average (miles better than those tacky Vancouver Opera things I see everywhere) advertising the upcoming concerts, the next being on November 5, entitled *Works (Recent Discoveries)*.

Paul Steenhuisen

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29: *SCANNERS*

What do Andy Warhol, Phyllis Diller and Glenn Grant of Glenn Grant Chevrolet in Burien have in common? Wigs, natch. Toupees, fall, piece, rug, dog, periwig, peruke, postiche; whatever you wanna call it, fake hair has been around at least as long as the Egyptians (that's 3000 B.C. to you and me), and it's still going on strong today, from bargain bins full of matted rat fur at major thrift stores everywhere to hi-class operations like Poor Richard's Distributing Corp., where I talked to Evelyn about the mysteries and joys of wigs.

BETTY: How much do your wigs go for?

EVELYN: Our prices are wholesale because we sell only to wig shops and beauty salons. They mark them down at least twice. So they don't sell anything under \$100.

B: Holy cow, that's pretty expensive!

E: Well, it is.

B: How much hair does it take to make a wig?

E: Oh, I have no idea; we don't manufacture them.

(Another source informed me that it takes "two big bunches" of human hair from one of the "hair factories" to make a wig, blonde hair of course being more expensive because "it's much more rarer". Poor Richard's distributes hand-tied (expensive) and machine-made (less expensive)

synthetic wigs.)

B: Do these wigs last a long time?

E: That all depends on how they're treated.

B: What's the best way to treat a wig?

E: They have to be washed in cold water—not hot, that takes the curl out. Brushed before they're washed, turned inside out and then squished in a solution of shampoo and cold water and just sort of shaken out and left to dry.

B: How do you store it?

E: For going on a trip or things like that, we suggest that they put it in a ziplock bag.

B: You have over 100 styles—that's a lot of wigs!

E: Yes it is. The most popular styles now are ones for people who need wigs, like working women who don't have the time or wherewithal to get their hair done 2 or 3 times a week at the hairdresser. So they can wear between shampoos. Others wear wigs all the time because it's just too much bother to do their own hair. And then there are entertainers who wear them strictly for show and they would get more elaborate types. And of course there are chemotherapy patients who lose their hair and must wear wigs. The same with children.

B: Do you have long hair and short hair wigs?

E: Oh yes.



B: Are the short ones more popular?

E: Actually, yes. Most people are in the middle age to older.

B: And what's your most popular colour?

E: For elderly ladies especially it would be Number 56.

B: What's that?

E: That is a very gray... a silvery gray. And those that are not gray, the most popular colours would be 4, 6 and 8.

B: What are they?

E: A medium brown to a chestnut brown.

B: How many colours do you have in all?

E: Oh my goodness, my goodness, there must be 50 colours.

B: How long have you been working with wigs?

E: About 18 years.

B: What trends have you noticed come and go?

E: Well, I've noticed when the curly-all-over styles came out, what they used to call The Poodle Cut, or The Wash 'N' Wear, they have gone on being popular over

the years. But other styles have come and gone, like the straight ones, and now it's the very elaborate type of spiral curls and tight, sort of wild-looking things.

B: Do you own any wigs yourself?

E: No, actually I'm blessed with a very nice head of almost-white hair so I don't really need one.

B: Do you ever try them on just for fun at work?

E: Oh yes, not so much anymore, but I used to all the time because I used to wear them... between perms and things.

B: Have you sold any wigs to famous people?

E: I don't know, not that famous. To be honest, there are in bands... a lot of transvestites, crossdressers and entertainers.

B: And what styles do they prefer?

E: Usually the ladies' long styles.

B: How about colours?

E: The in-between browns.

B: What about wigs for men?

E: We have customized toupees; we get them from the Orient. We send all the particulars of colour, style and face and a pattern of the head... made out of Saran Wrap and Scotch Tape.

B: Saran Wrap and Scotch Tape?!

E: Yes, Saran Wrap is stretched over the head and then they hold it and twist it around and they put Scotch Tape on it to make a little solid dome and they mark it with a permanent-type pen

around the area for how they want the base to be.

And speaking of men's wigs, let's move on over to Larry's Hair Place, which caters especially to men and where Larry thinks a column devoted to wigs is "Right On".

BETTY: So who's wearing a wig these days?

LARRY: You name it, you name it... No limit to the age group.

B: Say someone wants to get a wig, what happens?

L: Everything I do is custom made with plaster of Paris molds... We're talkin' a custom unit—we build everything for the person... Okay now, we have to determine first if they want one and what quality they want. If we're talkin' 'Born Again, then I would measure them...

B: How do you measure someone's head?

L: Tape measure.

B: Really?

L: That's how the mold is made up that determines how we make the base... And then we go from there and then decide what style we're going to do and I get that information and I send it to Salt Lake City in the United States.

B: Why's that?

L: Because of the superior quality, and the workmanship is better.

B: How long does the process

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take?

L: Six to eight weeks.

B: And how much does it cost?

L: At least it would be a thousand and from there on up.

B: Do they last a long time?

L: Well I got one here that's been here six years.

B: Can there be sideburns attached, or is that on your own?

L: Well, with the Born Again unit, I build a whole unit—it can be a complete head of hair; it'll completely cover your own hair.

B: What about colours?

L: The colour-chart I have is totally in depth. And each particular strand of colour, in Born Again, has a minimum of seven colours made out of two main colours because like there's no particular colour that's just one colour. Like you're talkin' about Asians okay and everybody says "They've got black hair." Not true.

So each strand, each piece that I start with, has seven colours and I go from there. And I blend that hair in accordance to what the colour of their hair is—that is the most important part because that hair has to match.

B: And do most men want it to match their own hair or does anybody come in wanting something totally different?

L: Anything different, the gentleman is likely in a rock band or something like that.

B: So you do rock stars?

L: Now I don't know where the terminology "star" starts and stops. I don't believe I have anyone who just makes a living out of music but they've got good groups.

B: Any names?

L: Totally confidential.

B: So is this Born Again idea yours?

L: Nope, I wish it was, ha ha ha.

B: Who thought it up?

L: A man named Ian Candle in L.A., he invented the process. I happen to be the only person in B.C. that has it. And the unique thing about it is when you make it, the hair inside the hair replacement is put in place and then is turned upside down WET, turned upside down and BRUSHED straight down and that gives the hair the tendency to stand. We have three types of hair... it's synthetic... Each hair shaft does a certain thing—one is strong, the other one lays easier. Your own natural hair does not cooperate right, and neither does the hair replacement. I mean, it looks fine but it has a little bit of its own mind to make it look natural. The wind blows and you get wind in it, it comes out looking natural.

B: How did you know you wanted to get into this business?

L: I've been in the hair industry for 25 years and I just thought it

would be really nice to give people hair.

B: Are people embarrassed when they come in?

L: Some are.

B: So I guess you have to be not only a tall guy but a bit of a psychologist.

L: Yeah, I think so. You know, you shouldn't be selling things to people that don't want them. You know if a guy comes in because his wife sent him in, a hair replacement is not going to solve his problem. If he doesn't want one, I'm not interested. It's gotta feel good to him inside because it's gonna make a big change in his life.

B: Do people ever come back and say this isn't working out or, conversely, this is the greatest thing that ever happened?

L: Mainly it's positive. I have had some negative reactions but most of that can be cured with styling; generally, they don't know—I didn't give them enough instruction, enough indication of how to brush it and stuff like that. Take a guy who's been 20 years with no hair. Put hair on him: He forgets how to use a comb, you know what I mean, ha ha ha.

B: Do you think men are less inhibited about getting wigs since Burt Reynolds and everybody has them now?

L: Well, I think the ego of a man is very very high. That would be the major obstacle. They're very embarrassed about what their friends are going to say, right. They think everyone is looking which is not true. I shaved off a guy's mustache and everybody said "What's different about you?" Twenty-one years of age, he had some hair, and then he just had a lot more.

B: So you took it away from one place and put it somewhere else!

L: Two weeks later, he phoned me up and said everything was beautiful, everything was great and he started to grow his moustache back. But his mother noticed immediately that he had it, I mean you couldn't fool her with all the rice in China, moustache or no moustache!

B: How do you take care of these wigs?

L: It's really easy. Just shampoo it right in the shower when you're in there.

B: So you never take these things off?

L: It's non-surgical—that means we do not attach it surgically—so you can take it off, but you can shampoo with it on, sleep with it on, even make love with it on, right?

B: Okay. Anything else you want to add?

L: Larry's Hair Place.

Yo! Advertisers!

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AD SPACE FOR THE DECEMBER ISSUE MUST BE BOOKED NO LATER THAN NOVEMBER 12. ALL AD COPY MUST BE SUPPLIED BY NOVEMBER 15. THE ISSUE WILL BE ON THE STANDS BY NOVEMBER 24.

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By the time you read this, Shindig's first set of semi-finals will have been decided, but CITR's annual battle of the bands is far from over. There may even be room for one or two last-minute entries, so if your band is interested, call Lane or Linda at 228-3017, or show up at the Railway on a Monday night to check out the competition and talk to them in person.

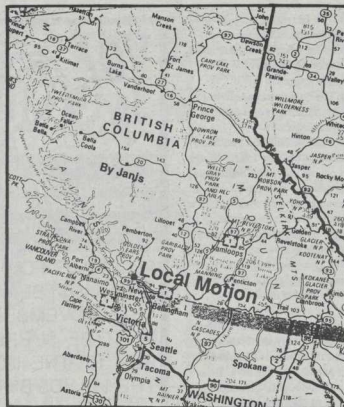
The CASBYS will be held this month (November 7th), and two of the nominees for Independent Band of the Year are from Vancouver, Nettwerk's Skinny Puppy, and Bob's Your Uncle (now with the up-and-coming Culture Records). BU will be playing at the Town Pump November 17th.

Another (but quite different) Culture Records band, Memory Day, will be going into the studio next month to record their first album, possibly to be produced by Bill Henderson (that's right, of Chilliwack).

Here are this month's demo reviews:

Freedom Press - "Shelter Me", "Broken" Jason Clark and Mike Taylor of the Rainwalkers play guitar and bass for this new band, but there's nothing on this tape that will remind you of the Rainwalkers' jangly guitar sound. If anything, Freedom Press appears to have been listening to Tangerine Dream — there's that familiar layering of sound for ambience — but the keyboards don't take the place of vocals and guitar. The inside of the cassette cover says Freedom Press has a "psychedelic yet contemporary feel". There's a fair bit happening here, but "psychedelic yet contemporary"? I find that kind of description a little scary.

The Open Graves - "105", "Unclear Love?" "105" opens with a Japanese-sounding motorbike revving its engine, and in fact the title refers to how fast the bike goes before things get out of hand. There's a one-time Surf Hippie



in this band, and the female singer is a former go-go dancer for kid lang. Her motorcycle-induced scream sounds pretty authentic, but it's really on "Nuclear Love" that she comes into her own. When she sings low and sultry it's not unlike Tracy Brooks of the Hip Type. The problem is that the tape suffers from poor production — vocals and guitar cut in and out and the dynamics are bizarre. But I'd like to see them play live.

The Wardells - "What's So Great About Marilyn?", "Under the Johnson St. Bridge" The Wardells are at their best when they're playing classic-style pop, and "Marilyn" has most of the major elements — back-up vocals going "bop bop" and handclaps, not to mention good lyrics thematically along the lines of "My Guy" (albeit for boys to sing). If the guitar's not as strong as the voice, who cares? On the other hand, "Under the Johnson St. Bridge", while definitely tuneful, tries to be a pop song and a wry piece of social commentary, set in the band's place of origin, Victoria. It works, but not

as well as "Marilyn".

Speed of Life - "Election Year" The little note that came with this didn't say if they named themselves after the David Bowie song, but it does give the band's influences as U2, Led Zeppelin, The Who, Hendrix, and Rush. Well, the U2 influence is pretty apparent here, especially in a good part of the guitar and impassioned lead vocals, but the singer also does a pretty fair Robert Plant impression here and there. (But remember when everyone was trying to sound like REM?)

Earthling - "Surprise Me", "Unnatural Laws" A second tape from Earthling, and lots better than the first one, "Pure Hell." What's especially impressive is that the band (with Enigma Mike Davies and Brian Olinek on guitar and bass) plays hard rock while somehow sounding as if they've never heard of Eddie Van Halen. There's no guitar noodling here (and not much on vocals, either), just something like a pre-metal rock and roll. And when he's at the

lower end of his range, the singer's pretty powerful too. "Unnatural Laws" has that almost epic feel, and a break that's not unlike Roxy Music, but it's "Surprise Me" that I like. It sounds positively evil.

Brilliant Orange - "Always the Same", "Love and Evolution" To be fair, I don't think Brilliant Orange ever intended for us to have this tape, labeled an "Invasion Sampler," but this is the first we've heard from them since 1985, so it's hard to resist listening to it. Unfortunately, however, the band doesn't sound inspired here. Although the production is beautiful (the tape was recorded in L.A.), the songs lack life, and definitely don't represent the band's recent, heavier live sound. Fans of the old Brilliant Orange, with all its harmonies and acoustic guitar, are better off with Green House, Graham Brown's new band. And fans of the new Brilliant Orange will have to go on seeing the band in the clubs.

And now, two tapes available in stores:

The Dots. A self-titled 11-song cassette on East Side Records, this solo debut lives up to what this mostly female, mostly rockably band promised us in their appearances on earlier compilations. A single song, "Goin' Crazy," is playlisted at CITR, but it's not fair just listening to one — buy the cassette and hear 'em all, including the highly danceable "Eeny Meeny."

Hard Rock Miners - "Making the Bedrock" What's surprising about this tape is that, although it sounds so clean and uncluttered, it manages to capture that 8-people-on-stage-at-the-same-time feel. Chris Houston (remember, the Chris of the Fallen Elvis was way before Mojo's "Elvis is Everywhere") did one heck of a job producing these ten songs. Good clean fun and another recommended purchase.

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TUNES OF THE SIXTIES RAN DOWN
MY THROAT!

THE SIXTIES ARE
THEORY, BUBBLE-BUTT!
THE ME' GENERATION
IS HOT-HOT-DISCO-
-INFERNO-HOT!

HEY, DUDE-A-MUNDO!
WHAT'S A-SHAKIN'?

I KNOW
YOU! YOU'RE...

YEP, PRETTY SOON YOU'LL ALL BE
WEARIN' BELLBOBONS, UNSPEAKABLE
TACKY GOLD MEDALLIONS, AND
SIDEBOBBS DOWN TO YUR BUTTS!

YEP! MR. HAPPY FACE!
CULTURAL REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE '70'S!!

HA! YOU!

HEY, NOSTALGIA'S BIG NOW, PAL!
I'M HERE TO USHER BACK ALL
THOSE GROOVY PIECES OF
POLY-ESTER CULTURE!

KINDA FIGURED... OULHTA
NIP THAT ONE IN THE BUTT!

...I HAVE A
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You cut out the tapecover included here.

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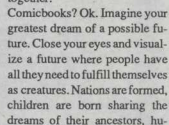
You have a 45 minute cassette tape release of Video BBQ presenting Violins in Love.

Next month: The Method

January: The Big Lie

February: Small Man Syndrome

Comicbooks? Ok. Millions of dreams released must realise a



As we all realize sooner or later, most of popular media is controlled by a bunch of crazily evolved organisms who have a vested interest in maintaining their own status. Here is where comics enter. Easy to produce (hand drawn or w/computer, pho-

If it seems I am advocating a



Comicbooks Ok? Any environment filled with two-eyed beings is endless and bountiful. Imagine writers saying what is theirs by proclaiming the art of collective action off the page and into the air. We have for years been told that vision creates change and now we will prove ourselves

tocopier, recycled paper) and easy to distribute (mailouts, handouts, computer on-line), this modern marriage of word and picture is a powerful factor in protecting our freedoms of speech, action and thought. Comicbooks can serve to inspire, prompt, cajole, reflect, amuse, and generally spur on contestants in this race against time.

So comic books serve as the mechanism with which I will examine the emerging information age. The medium itself and the material it transmits both facilitate current evolution; and, I believe, as our awareness expands so does our collective horizon.



The turnaround alone means that each of us approaches the idea of global evolution from our own perspective and on our own terms. Sue Coe is one of the 50 short artists in our culture making a difference in the way people perceive reality. Coe's rendering of Henry Crown, President and CEO of General Dynamics, in *Raw* magazine (the graphic may that lost its faith in nihilism) amounts to a brutal expose of a butcher trapped in his own kitchen. Her greatest project to date, *How to Commit Suicide in South Africa*, is a classic example of an eighteen comic that you cannot find in any library and in few book stores. The comic itself is composed of official statistics backed up by a written history of apartheid made easier to comprehend by too real images that remain in the mind's eye long after the stats have been filed under vapourware. Check it out.

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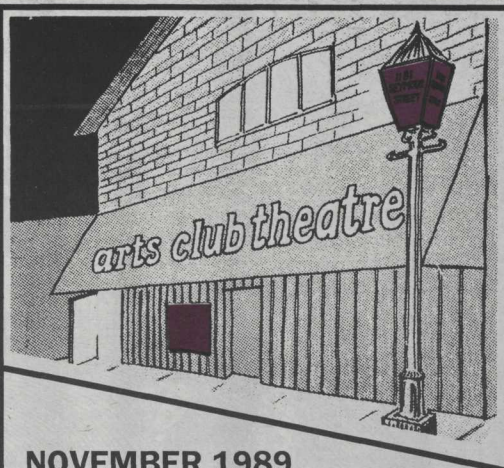


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TANKHOG

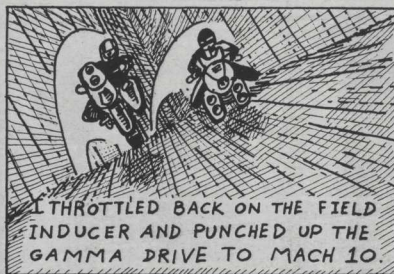
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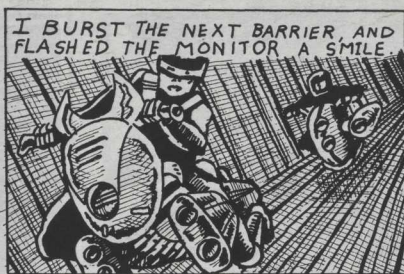
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I THROTTLED BACK ON THE FIELD INDUCER AND PUNCHED UP THE GAMMA DRIVE TO MACH 10.



I BURST THE NEXT BARRIER, AND FLASHED THE MONITOR A SMILE.

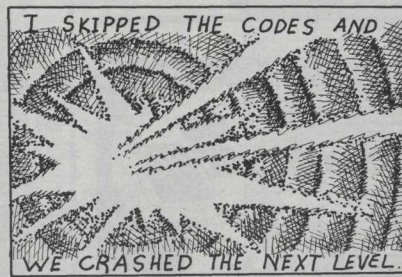


SAL DROPPED BACK AS I RAMMED MY INDUCERS TO MAX,

AS WE SCREAMED LIKE FIELD INJECTED BANSHEE'S INTO THE FALSE NIGHT.



WITH SAL SHOUTING EXOTIC PROFANITIES AT MY REAR BEAMER



I SKIPPED THE CODES AND

WE CRASHED THE NEXT LEVEL.



I BLINKED AND WE WERE THERE, THE HIDDEN CHANNEL FOR THE DIRTIEST BUNCH OF PSYCHO JUNK DUB ARTISTS AND ANDROID JACKERS IN THE NET. THE GARGOYLE CLUB ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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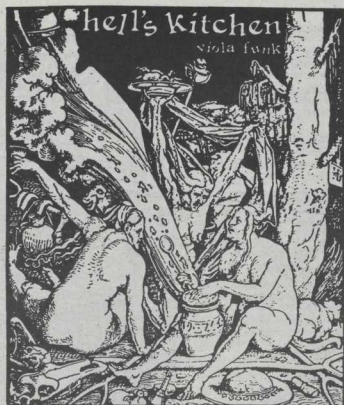
FURRY SOOD

Well hey. Believe it or not, there are various haunts in that tepid backwater, Surrey, worth checking out vicariously. Should you ever venture across the Fraser, gingerly clutching your trusty Disorder in hand, here are some favourite hangouts of mine.

NB: We're talking El Cheap-o here. None of that La Cote de Boeuf shit.

Following a more or less straight trajectory across the Patullo (given that it doesn't collapse on you), the first eatery of note you'll encounter is housed in the community's bastion of culture, Surrey Place Shopping Centre. Yes, none other than the legendary Smitty's Pancake House. Enter via the main mall entrance off the east parking lot and don't be daunted by the omnipresent line-up. Those feather-haired, polyester-clad waitresses will disperse it eventually, and within await some of the fluffiest, lightest, thickest, most delectable waffles on Earth. (Within the restaurant, not the waitresses.) The rest of the menu consists of your basic family restaurant fare - burgers, steaks, chicken, salads, celtic cetera. But the waffles, which definitely give the Elbow Room a run for the money, are worth the one-and-a-half hour Transit sojourn from the city. Only thing is, in these cholesterol-conscious times, the chocolate-chip waffle is no longer the sybaritic, strawberry-syrup-smothered extravaganza I remember from my childhood in the Seventies. Oh well. Order one with token nutritious blueberries thrown on top, and be transported. Did I mention that this place achieves a divine balance of clientele between mall-hung-over suburban mum-dad-and-kids ensembles and the faction of industrial-strength bikers that reign supreme at the two or three tables closest to the cash desk? You bet. The graffiti in the cans might be worth a gander too, though whether it can equal that found in the toilet of the Whalley Library down the street is doubtful.

"Iron Maiden rules"
"Rockers go to the library?"
Speaking of down the street by the Whalley Library, which is also where you'll find the storied Whalley Exchange, Evita's Donuts is your hole-in-the-wall refuge in times of Quick-I-need-to-shove-something-down-my-gullet-cheap trouble. Generally thought of as Transit operators, this place offers soup & san as well as the ubiquitous donuts; none really worth writing home about but in a pinch, they'll do. The important thing here is the slice of genuine local



colour it affords you; the sociological contribution it has made to the Exchange lifestyle. And what a lifestyle that is.

Down King George Highway in the opposite direction, south, you'll come across a strange dichotomy. Beside the sad and darkened shell of a small, unassuming brown cement-brick edifice sits a large, assuming grey cement-brick edifice. Tim Horton's both, the former the original, the latter its new replacement erected a year and a half ago. "Visit our new location just north of here" exhort the signs shuttering the windows of the old Horton's. I never have, but well do I remember family outings to the original in the heyday of the Seventies. Back then the brown cement-brick building was new itself; shiny red vinyl-upholstered seats lining the harvest-gold countertop; red one-piece molded melamine chairs anchored to aluminum supports at the tables (count 'em, three); and two of those perpetually-filtered juice-dispensing machines which were a source of endless fascination for my tiny 11-year-old mind. Chocolate glaze was my favourite variety of doughnut, though I also went for double chocolate. Or, if I was feeling really disgusting, I'd indulge in one of those lemon-filled ones with icing sugar on top. The kind that leaves your mouth welded shut with sugar for the next hour. C-FUN in the days when they still played Led Zep was piped in over the sound system; this and the all-pervading cigarette smoke combining to provide Mum & Dad with lots of grist for the bitchmill. Mum & Dad, who always, always, ordered coffee and Dutchie. Ah, those were the days. Why the relocation of this venerable in-

stitution? Who knows, although Fascist plots and the proximity of the old building to a deep ravine (erosion?) figure prominently as possibilities. Whatever; I always say if it ain't broke, don't fix it. But Surrey logic is weird. Non-existent, actually.

Yet further down the highway, heading into the genuine, where-the-world-is-hung-shut-with-pancakes heart of Surrey, you'll hit the Hearty Boy. Ensnared in one of those long, low generic cement-block Newton malls, a no-holds-barred greasy-spoon diner where good solid working-class breakfasts and lunches are the order of the day. (Read: cholesterolcity.) All-day breakfasts; farmer sausage specials; great homemade soups; and classic smartass cooks and waitresses are but a few of the Barty Hoy's charms. Cheap, plentiful chow served up on the double. And there's always a copy or two of the morning's Province floating around for perusal, to make your trip to Surrey complete.

Now we do a bit of a loop-the-loop back up north to Guildford, 108th and 148th to be precise. Here, in Riverside Shopping Centre, lurks Sally's. Best fish & chips available, bar none. After having ascertained its somewhat inconspicuous whereabouts, you descend three steps into the Stygian darkness which is feebly pierced through by yellowing fluorescent panels. On either side of the gangway, long dark varnished picnic tables are ranged, supplemented down near the counter by a couple of smaller tables with electronic soccer games in their tops. Tacky tourist tea-towels depicting various British counties grace the walls (a pretty fail-safe indicator of good fish & chips). The fare is

unpretentious - you won't find sharks fins on the menu here - and truly amazing, tastebud-wise. Better than the Only, better even than Olympia. The lightest, most melt-in-your-mouth batter; the biggest, most potatoey-tasting chips; and a unique coleslaw in clear vinegar dressing which complements the seafood splendidly. Cheaper than any comparable place in the city too. Aces.

Also worthy of mention for fish & chips in Surrey is Newton Fish & Chips, in the Safeway mall beside the Wave Pool. Really good mushy pea; good batter and chips; most amicable service; and hey, it's even cheaper than Sally's. Absurdly generous portions too.

Right across the way, buried in the inner recesses of another long, low, half-untenanted mall, is a place which, though it changes its name oftener than I change my underwear, continues to make the best damn pizza in Surrey. (Yes, this is a compliment.) Greek Taverna, is, I think, the name it currently goes by, but I could be behind the times. (Did I change my underwear this morning, or...?) Anyway, genuine butt-kicking pizza from before the days of generic 2-for-1 TLTLIVES IN SURREY...

And hey, if by some cruel fluke you happen to be stuck in this lovely municipality (the largest in Canada) at an hour when all of the above are locked up tight, don't forget. Two convenient Bino's locations, one on Scott Road, the other on 152nd in Guildford.

SMITTY'S PANCAKEHOUSE
10097 Surrey Place Mall

EVITA'S DONUTS
100 - 10252 135th St

TIM HORTON'S
9595 King George Hwy

THE HEARTY BOY
201 - 7093 King George Hwy

SALTY'S FISH & CHIPS
Riverside Shopping Centre,
108th Ave & 148th St

NEWTON FISH & CHIPS
209 - 7115 138th St

GREEK TAVERNA
7244 King George Hwy

BINO'S
8170 120th St
10194 152nd St

Next month (in all likelihood): Some of the weirdest places on Earth (well, in the Lower Mainland) to eat/procure food.

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THE JAZZ SHOW 9:30PM-MIDNIGHT
New of a new time! Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Features of 11:00. Hosted by the ever-eclectic Gordon Walker.

1st The Great King Curtis is featured in a concert with his wife Adele, Winton Kelly and others.

8th Mingus at Monterey, on Inferno, once in a lifetime performance by Charles Mingus and Company at the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1964.

16th Freedom Now Suite by Max Roach. This multi-sociological document is one of the most powerful recordings recorded in 1960. It's a mixture of Jazz and African music still fresh today.

20th Native Dancer, an unjustly neglected album by Wayne Shorter who plays both saxophone and tenor saxophone in combination with the great voice of Brazilian Milton Nascimento. Great compositions by Shorter, Nascimento and Herbie Hancock.

29th Presenting CosmoSoul the 11th of the first record date by Julian "Canorb" Adeleye, one of the truly great modern jazz saxophones. Adeleye and his brother Nick took NY by storm; this album was the centre of that movement.

THURSDAYS

WHITE NOISE 6:00-7:00AM
Nova Express Mark II. 70's progressive meets 80's electronic. Anderson, Glas, Eno, Burroughs, prose, poetry and more.

IT'S JUST A TALK WITH R.L. MOORHOUSE 7:00-7:30AM
Rebroadcast of Wednesday's 5:30 programme.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with Kim and Chris.

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE 10:00-11:00AM
Fetters the bacon. Which is why I'm where I am. Still dedicated to the North-West you define. Note new time.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM
HARD CORE

THE CITY NEWS MAGAZINE 5:00-6:00PM
See Monday for details.

ARTS CAFE 6:30-6:40 PM
In-depth arts analysis and general miscellany of commentary on the local arts community.

HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHT 8:00-10:00PM
Hootenanny Saturday Night on Thursday night. Get it? Find we wouldn't want to be listen' anyhow. Listen for backwards Song to sing with, and Left At Voltaire, Listen's Choice, The 500 Record Hour to win further.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 10:00PM-MIDNIGHT
Join Ed, Peter, and John for a real live band in your livingroom, automobile or WildPerson. Examine page 27 for the Tape-to-Mania cassette cover!

EATING WOOD MIDNIGHT-SAM
Hours of regurgitated rock 'n' roll snipped and glued by your favourite artists or WildPerson. Examine page 27 for the Tape-to-Mania cassette cover!

FRIDAYS

ARTS CAFE 7:30-7:40AM
Rebroadcast of Thursday's 5:30 programme.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with Stefan.

COMMUNITY ADVENTURES 8:15-10:00AM
Join CTR Traffic Director M.Tonia Aleksan for all the lowdown in activities in your area.

MOVING IMAGES 10:30-11:00AM
Join Ken MacIntyre as he takes you on a tour through the silver screen's back list of film festival, reviews, interview and soundtrack.

THE VENUS FILTH SHIP 11:00AM-1:00PM
Hi I'm Greg Eitel!

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

NOUVEAU POORE 1:15-2:30PM

The greenest of the CTR DJ crop tries to germinate and take root on the air.

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE - PART ONE 2:30-3:30PM AND PART TWO 4:00-5:00PM
Found sounds, tape loops, compositions of organized and unorganized quality, power electronics and sound collage. Live experimental music. 100% Canadian industrialism.

NARDWAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS 3:30-4:00PM
Manhattan Reverend Cant Chowder and Clio Van Hellestein

THE CITY NEWS MAGAZINE 5:00-6:00PM
See Monday for details.

OUTLINES 6:30-6:40PM
In-depth focus on a different issue each week. Interviews with community members, UBC professors and others. If you want us to cover a specific issue, let us know.

3rd Piece and a stable environment 10th Nuclear weapons: nuclear-free Vancouver?

17th The future of BC kelp farming

HOME TAPING (INT. E.R.N.I.T.) Q.N.A.L. 6:30-7:00PM
Radio to record over. Tape in, turn on, no dropouts.

STOMP ON THAT BOPPA-TION 9:00-MIDNIGHT
The kitter & greatest in dance floor grooves. DJ Mickey Hard brings you the big beat.

SOUP STOMP FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAIN 12:30-3:30AM
Independent music from around the world ranging from the latest in club tunes to hardcore and industrial grunge. Live and pre-recorded interviews plus experimental accordion sessions. With Lloyd Ullian.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-NOON
Steve Edge hosts Vancouver's biggest and best cocktail/rock/rock/rock radio show. Now in its fifth year on CTR UK Soccer Report at 11:30.

POWERCOR 12:15-3:00PM
Vancouver's only true metal show with the underground speed to mainstream metal. local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Guaranteed! Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

IN EFFECT 3:00-5:00PM
The Hip Hop Beat brought to you by Neil Scoobe—straight from the island.

THE CITY NEWS MAGAZINE 5:00-6:00PM
See Monday for details.

EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG 6:00-8:00PM
Brought to you by your friends from eating Vorn!

MARSHA BRADY'S DATES SATURDAY NIGHT 8:30-10:00PM

MEGABLAST! MIDNIGHT-3:00 AM
Improvisation in many forms. Musicians that don't work but had to be tried. Records that never get played. Welcome to late night radio. With Adam Sloan.

ETCETERA...

UBC DIGEST
Four times each day, hear the rundown on the latest events, lectures, gigs, and fun things occurring here and there campus wide. All in an entertaining package of fun!

CITYSCAPE
Several times a day, listings are read out for all the hip happenings here in the city of rain, concerts and clubs, theatre, film and cinema—everything you could possibly need and more. Just listen. And if you or your group want to publicise your event, please do drop off the details here at CTR.

COMMUNITY ACCESS
CTR provides free airtime for Community Access by groups and individuals. If you or your group would like to say something to someone somewhere, please call the Program Director at 681-1732.

LIVE SPORTS ON

CTR

Join the crack CTR Sports Unit for play-by-play coverage of a mega variety sports both on the campus and off, from soccer to football to ice hockey to basketball. Find out the reason why the CTR is in CTR. Upcoming games called by CTR which will be emceed regular CTR programming.

NOVEMBER

SUNDAY THE 12TH, 1:00PM: CIAU SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIPS
FRIDAY THE 17TH, 7:30PM: MEN'S ICE HOCKEY VS U OF SASKATCHEWAN.

DECEMBER

FRIDAY THE 1ST, 8:15PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF SASKATCHEWAN.
SATURDAY THE 2ND, 1:00PM: BC HIGH SCHOOL BOYS BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIPS
SATURDAY THE 9TH, 1:00PM: BC HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIPS

JANUARY

SATURDAY THE 4TH, 8:00PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF SASKATCHEWAN.
SATURDAY THE 18TH, 7:30PM: MEN'S ICE HOCKEY VS U OF REGINA.
FRIDAY THE 19TH, 8:00PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF VICTORIA.
SATURDAY THE 20TH, 8:00PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF VICTORIA.
FRIDAY THE 26TH, 7:30PM: MEN'S ICE HOCKEY VS U OF MANITOBA.
SATURDAY THE 27TH, 7:00PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF LETHBRIDGE.

FEBRUARY

FRIDAY THE 14TH, 7:30PM: MEN'S ICE HOCKEY VS U OF BRANCO.
SATURDAY THE 15TH, 7:00PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF CALGARY.

VOLUNTEER OPPORTUNITIES

CTR wants you to become involved with your friendly CTR Radio Station which broadcasts to the campus and beyond. Opportunities abound! Wheelies! Programmers! Producing, editing, writing, engineering, announcing, hosting, etc etc etc. Come by the student union office hours. We're located in Room #233 on the second floor of the Student Union Building. Or phone us at 228-3017.

WHOM TO CONTACT

THE FOLLOWING FOLKS ARE THE ONES YOU SHOULD GET AHEAD OF CAUSE THEY'RE THE ONES YOU SHOULD GET AHEAD OF.

PRESIDENT LANE DUNLOP

VICE PRESIDENT DOMIN WATA

BUSINESS MANAGER BARBARA WILSON

MUSIC DIRECTOR CHRIS BUCHANAN

PRODUCTION MANAGER ADAM SLOAN

PROGRAM DIRECTOR RANDY WATA

SAFETY DIRECTOR TANA ALKSON

SPORTS DIRECTOR JEFF PATERSON

NEWS DIRECTOR STEFF ALLEN

SECRETARY CHANNA BLOCK

DEVELOPMENT COORDINATOR LINDA CHICKEN

UNIVERSITY COORDINATOR BILL BAKER

DEMO DIRECTOR DALE SAWYER

RECORD LIBRARIAN ESCOM PRONGLE

MOBILE SOUND LANE DUNLOP

HOW TO CONTACT

BUSINESS LINE 228-3017
DU LINE 228-2867 (228-CTR)
NEWS LINE 228-6220
FAX LINE 228-6093

THE SURVEY....

Don't forget to fill out a Great CTR Listener Survey! Rank surveys are in the September and October 89 issues of this here publication. Get yer hands on a copy. If you submit a survey by the 15th of November, you could win one of CTR's funky new t-shirts, some funky new CTR buttons, or some recent record releases. Seriously. Drop off surveys at Zulu Records (1849 4th), Scratch Records (317A Combs), Outside Imports (534 Seymour) send here at CTR (1848 8th Blvd). Results will be in the December 89 issue. Seriously.

JAZZ BLUES & NIGHTLIGHT
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African Superstar
Virgin Recording Artist
"the Lion"

VOUSSOU'DOOR

WITH HIS AFRICAN DANCE BAND

PHOTO BY CHRIS CAMERON
"V'Door's remarkable voice and unique African visions mesmerized audiences full of fans across both hemispheres." —Boston Herald

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

THE COMMODORE

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 23
AND
FRIDAY NOVEMBER 24
10 PM • DOORS 8:30

Tickets at all ~~major~~ locations including Lower Mainland Eaton's and Infocentres in Major Malls as well as, Black Swan Records, and Highlife Records. CHARGE BY PHONE: 280-4444
JAZZ HOTLINE 682-0706

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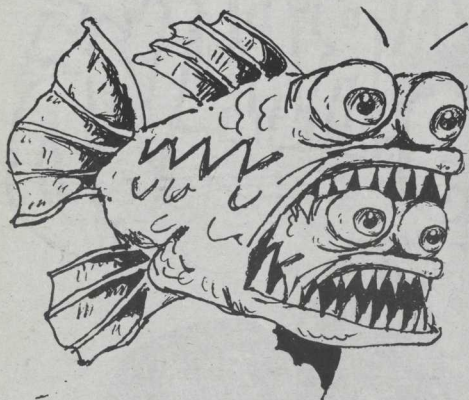
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MUSHROOM

STUDIOS - 24 hours studio time

- 24 hours studio time



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THE BLACK PAGES HAVE ARRIVED

The Black Pages are back with a second edition; all new for 1990. Featuring: Reid Fleming ('World's Toughest Milkman') and David Boswell; Amanda Hughes; Mondo Seattle; Black Listed; Theatre; Review; Books; Nightclubs and of course, The Lists.

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WHO APPEARS
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